

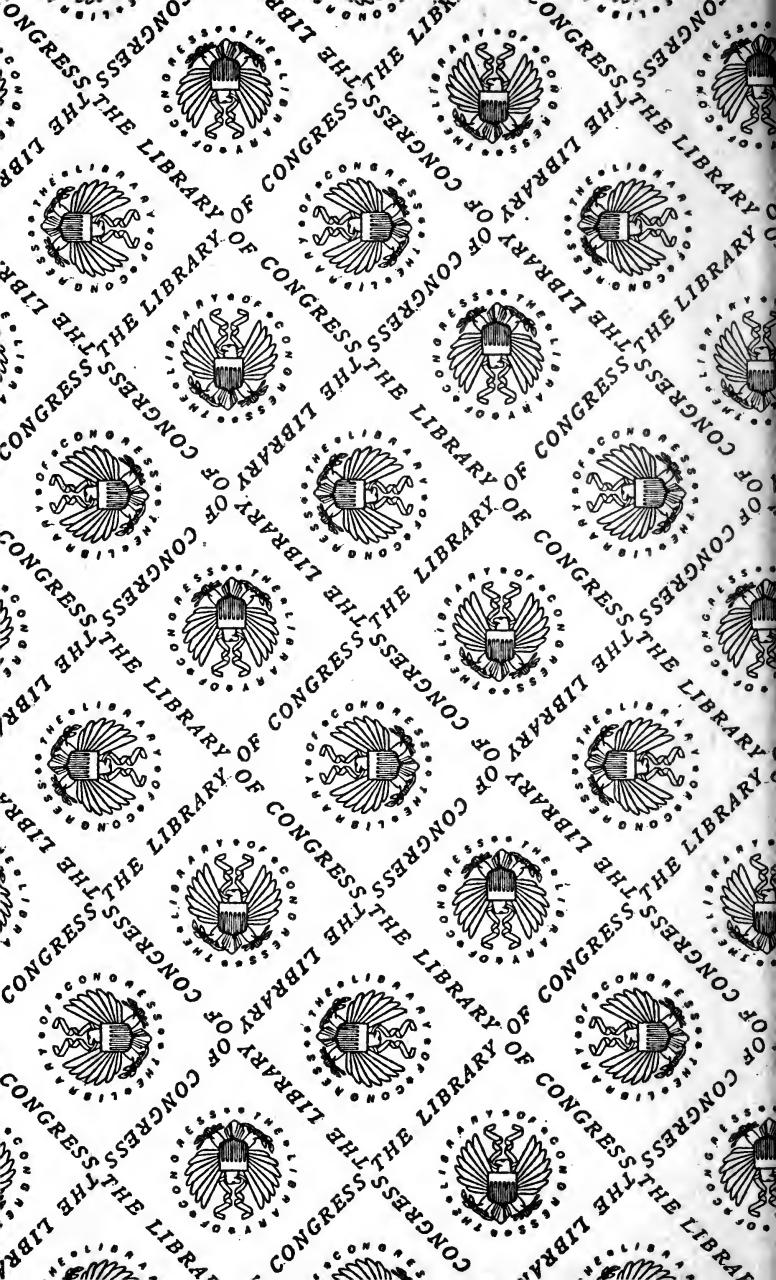
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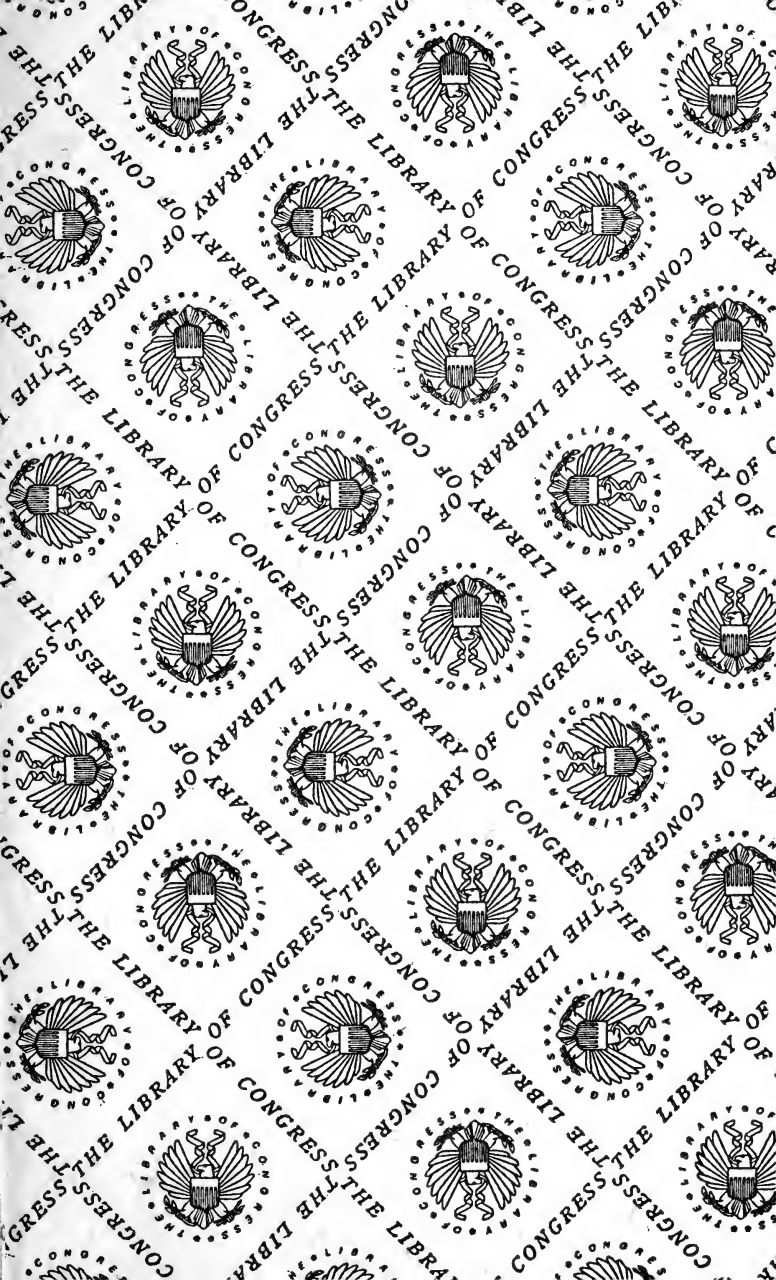
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HENRY IV. OF GERMANY;

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H Tragedy,

In Five Acts.

Thomas F. Kelly

NEW-YORK:

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Dramatis Personae.

COUNT ADELBERT.

BARON SIGISMUND.

EMPEROR HENRY THE FOURTH.

DUKE OF BOHEMIA.

DUKE OF SAXONY.

DUKE OF BAVARIA.

MARQUIS OF AUSTRIA.

ARCHBISHOPS OF MENTZ, WORMS and COLOGNE.

BISHOP OF CONSTANCE, *Pope's Legate.*

HENRY, *Son of the Emperor, afterward Henry the Fifth.*

ANSELM—HUGO, *his Attendants.*

RHÖDERICK, *Attendant of the Emperor.*

ARNOLD, *a Cottager.*

BERTHA, *his Daughter*—FREDERICK and a BOY, *his Sons.*

LEOPOLD.

BARONESS SIGISMUND.

ADELA, *her Daughter.*

A Saxon and *his Son.*

RODOLPH, *Steward of Sigismund.*

COUNT GODFREY, *Brother of Adelbert.*

ERMENGARDE, *a General.*

RHIST, *Porter of Sigismund.*

GUELF, *Attendant of Sigismund.*

WOLFF and GASPARD, *Stewards of Godfrey.*

Officers, Attendants, Lords, Soldiers, Procession of Personages,

¶c. ¶c. ¶c.



HENRY IV. OF GERMANY.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Palace at Mentz.*

Enter COUNT ADELBERT—BARON SIGISMUND.

Adelbert. Confess, he treads on autumn's further verge.

Sigismund. 'Tis not apparent; nature's fires in him
Have vigorous life, and still his spirit boasts
The furnishings and temper of that youth
Which Othobold o'erthrew, in Hohnburg's strife.

Adelbert. His sinew'd days are by: infirmities
Their courier, age o'ertake.

Sigismund. I know it not.

Waxed as he is in winters, (two fold thine,)
His corp'ral power would not unto thy own
Prostrate, Count Adelbert.

Adelbert. Thy love, time-fixed
And vision-worn, discerns not, Sigismund,
Life's summit past, his urgent cadency
Determined to its base. All we, his friends,
In careless watch assieging his deport,
Obtain the note of stealing crepitude
And frame's defect. Nor only this: his mind
Fast loses competence; his sense neglects;
And reason's rivetings are sprung; that which
Thine eyes, affection-hindered, will not know,
As thus—how bends to puerility
The judgment nature swerved,—is amply thrust
On our observance. Doubt it not, my friend;
Capacity is withered. It is fear'd,

(And fearful 'tis,) his weakness unconfessed,
Lest in some passions play, he shakes the health
And soundness of the empire.

Sigismund. Adelbert —
Some bait, I'll pierce it with a similar. —
This granted.

Adelbert. Then ensues; empower'd age
Offends obedience; manhood, pride, respect,
Revolt from shallow guiding, to instate
A head in intellect unsapped and flush.

Sigismund. A frequent truth.

Adelbert. And is it not a wise?
Who to inferior judgment would incline?
Besure, it was no jaundiced prejudice
Discovered this in-eating reason's rust.
To capture the ingrateful certitude
I was not foremost; fealty repell'd
And obstructed this truth-invading truth.
At length — but question any where, my lord;
Few so time-careless as not comprehend
The general grief, and know its medicine.

Sigismund. Indeed? I little recked the common sense
So felt their disadvantage in this rule.

Adelbert. The universal syllable. And now —
If you have lent the prince a frequent eye,
Its acqurest must have treasured your thought
With his endowments; grace with valor pair'd,
A lavish court'sy braced with skill profound,
To match audacious peril. These the rest
Initiate, and this to close, — rest sure,
Ere his prov'd friends, he rather will forsake
His best of hopes, his cherished interests,
Ay, honor-bred ambition.

Sigismund. — Gods! is this?
Insinuous and detested treachery,
Thou art apparent here. How false, how rank,
The soul to disenthroned his sanctioned lord
In age, to swim the tides of fate unbuoyed! —
Suppose a subtle, self-disguising Moor
Should of your confidence the portals gain,
And then, by stealthy drops, pour argument

To tempt your Christhood, and persuade a league
With desp'rate credence——

Adelbert. Were this fiction truth,
His pagan throat I'd grasp, and instant choke
The stream of pois'nous breath and founts of life.

Sigismund. Thou art no other than that trait'rous slave,
A recreant to allegiant altar-oaths,
A base deserter,—

Adelbert. Liar! Cease or die.

Enter EMPEROR, DUKES OF BOHEMIA, SAXONY and BAVARIA,
MARQUIS OF AUSTRIA, and ARCHBISHOP OF MENTZ.

Emperor. Haply in presence, lords: we feared your loss
In direct council.—Leisure with consent
Advise to hear this nuncio from the pope.
What motions us against it?

Bavaria. Naught, my lord.
Question and answer let him have at once.

Emperor. How answered?—Sigismund, we are in rest
For his approach: warn Constance.— [*Exit SIGISMUND.*]

Bavaria. How? as ever;
If 'twas, is right denial.

Emperor.——Spleenful pope!
This constant broaching of repugnant claims
Is odious.—Adelbert, that brow becomes
Nor thee, nor our respect.—Investitures,
Pernicious word!—Bohemia, these winds
Blow dreadly-keen from your black forests.—Peace!
The legate.

Enter BISHOP OF CONSTANCE.

Constance. From my puissant master, Henry,
Holy salutes and mine own humbler.

Emperor. Thanks;—
Age seems to touch thee with no angry hand;
When saw we thee?

Constance. Five gathered harvests since.

Emperor. And still the same—Well, bishop, high in grace,
What sends us Paschal?

Constance. These, O King.

Bohemia. How? King!

Emperor. Peace, good my lord

Constance. Tis known, — for who indeed
Lives senseless to this knowledge? — how the rights
Of holy church her servitors to clothe
With robes of tutelage in all God's house
Throughout your confines, impiously is snatched,
And long hath been by foulness' force usurped.
Though the superior pope, have riv'n your fame
With bills of outlawry, and diction dread,
Still title's worst reproach exists your name;
Your heav'n-doom'd sins still issue, and the world
Levels its horror here. O, Henry, prince,
Guiltiest of all, redeem your blotted name;
The opening narrows that prevents your close;
Haste, deprecate the strides of missioned wrath.
Yield us those rights your traffic construes wrongs.
These uttereth the pope, my gracious lord.

Emperor. Constance, our patience sorely is chastised
By dues of calm reply. What! shall our heirdom,
Our maintainant estate, be put in quest
Ourselves threat-struck, by claims remote from law,
And simply be denied? Let him as well
Our household seek to steward with his slaves,
As this inherent crown-peculiar sway.
The kingdom's proper drapery are these
So arrogantly waged prerogatives.
What then?

Conceives the priest that, motion'd by respect,
We'll strip us of this raiment? What regard
Attribute we the pope? Who was't enthroned
The Suabian Rodolph lawless in our front?
Who robb'd us of our offspring? Who seduced
Dear Conrad from his virtue and his sire?
— That stroke my heart half-wither'd. Rest in peace,
Misguided child! for I another have —
A world of solace to me. — Who with these
Grief generating wounds, poisoned our peace?
Was't Urban?

Constance. Ay, and righteous Gregory.

Emperor. And righteous Gregory, respectless priest!
Hark! When our embassy was visitant

In Gregory's palace, superb vatican,
 'Twas he who, ruffian-like, plucked out their eyes,
 And bade them with this tale to find their home.
 Beware! true, we can only be ourself:
 But thou art warned; depart.

Constance. Not this weak rage,
 But your pride's fall respecting, I take leave.

Emperor. Stay, bishop; yet unsuited is thy speech.
 The prince — good marquis, bear our search to him.

[*Exit AUSTRIA.*]

— Is this the world's philosophy? — to grant
 A lease unfinished to disunion's breach,
 Its fretful train of bickerings, ill blood
 And at the close, tumultuous, wasteful war
 To vantage death — for what? th' assault of right,
 An innocent request 'twixt us whose choice
 Shall serve God in the temples of our state!
 'Tis something more than this; false precedent
 Hath ten-fold worse success. Behold, the prince.

Enter PRINCE HENRY and MARQUIS OF AUSTRIA.

Prince. Wherefore am I invited here, my lord?

Emperor. Somewhat apart. — The priest again hath moved
 Those vision-built requirements of the pope.

Prince. Concerning the due answer can you pause?

Emperor. I would possess your voice. Think you, more loss
 Our honor will sustain, ceding these rights
 Or paying future blood to hold them ours?

Prince. Give up our privilege in the prelacies!
 I'd rather with my rank invest some slave
 Entitling him to that exalted grade
 Wherewith your tendered hopes expectance feed.
 You cannot think of it. — 'twould clip the worth
 And richness of the crown, and I should reach
 A plaything for a kingdom. Good, my lord,
 The many foreigners, graced with our best,
 May execute our numerous other loss.

Emperor. Less heat: with the like judgment we are borne.

Prince. From the disuse of counsel on this theme
 Sprang fear of some changed policy herein.

Emperor. But note the smothered courtesy of this priest.

Adelbert. We'll meet before depart.

Constance. Assuredly—

Emperor. Give us one moment. — Greet from us the pope,
And in the car of memory these convey.
His hollow claims deserve not our regard;
Of them, no more; what follows, is of note.
Henry, and all the others present, hear;
Th' address demands reception from your sense.
Through fifty years of storm we have sustained
This crown of Germany. The world confess
A many wrongful stroke and grievous gash
Our course of life hath ta'en; and we must think,
Reflection errs not crying more our life
Than commonly, with urgent burdens charged.
Be this, or not: we yearn to doff their cares;
Our thoughts are purposed, full determinate
To live beside our state, whereon we mean
To fix young Henry. In his balanced mind
No bias weighs the reason, and he stands
Without the pale of that embitter'd hate
Which papacy hath ever blown on us.
So, it is hopeful, when he sways the realm
Contention will entomb her means of strife.

Prince. Thanks for this grace conferred. But, noble sire,
My inexperienced art will scantily fill
The rank of thine time-versed and disciplin'd.

Constance. What time will slip from meditation, ere
These things are so?

Emperor. Precaution needs one year
To make this transfer of our empery.
Our wish is termin'd for your more delay.

Constance. Then I embrace departure. Sov'reign Henry,
And royal-gentle prince, and lord — Farewell. [Exit.

Emperor. Farewell.

Prince. My lord, is it proper I detain
This priest from courtly converse, till he frees
Our palace of his stay?

Emperor. Advised well. [Exit PRINCE.

Bohemia. My lord, —

Emperor. What would Bohemia with us?

Bohemia. Your breathed intent did startle, till the term

Of your resolve rejecting it one year,
Assure you, honor'd lord, refreshed my mind.

Emperor. Is it from courtesy this speech of thine? or based
On sober judgment?

Bohemia. This; which is confirmed
By the attested general sentiment,
Of your firm-founded knowledge in true rule.

Saxony. My thought is similar with Bohemia's:
Who least obedience love, approve your sway.
It is confessed, the prince honors his age;
Yet —

Emperor. Thanks, good duke — What is it, Adelbert,
Seems to desire impartment from your lips?

Adelbert. I crave a private moment.

Emperor. Well, commence.

[ADELBERT whispers EMPEROR.

Austria. Are you of interests so slightful, lords,
As praise his empty age, applauding that
Which turns to profit his most wise design?

Bavaria. You mean this year wherewith he checks?

Austria. I do.

Profit lives not in gracing him enthroned;
Who climbs, bestows. Lend your adherences
To the ambitious prince. His rate is best.

Bohemia. But longing does not show so keen in him.

Saxony. On all occasions duteous.

Austria. Think you so?

None know the course affections take in him.
Look deeper than appearance.

Emperor. Rhoderick!

Give order for the hunt. — Who will attend,
Let them make ready.

[*Exeunt save EMPEROR and ADELBERT.*

Lukewarm! Sigismund!

Adelbert. Even so and worse; I fear not proof's defect
To bare in him most foul disloyalty.

Emperor. Ha! Sigismund!

Adelbert. So far, will evidence.

My injured sovereign, I do dread the work
His hatred meditates; for that harangue
Wherewith he sought to tempt my loyalty,

Was shadow'd darkly. Do not trust my doubts
Till you own other surety; but for me,
I know he is your enemy.

Emperor. But, Count,
Remember what he spoke; give me his words.

Adelbert. The cost were little to administer
To his help-lending age, a powerful drug, —
And in this strain he followed.

Emperor. Ho! My guards —
Now prove these things to sense, or dread my wrath.

Adelbert. Mine honor is my voucher, ne'er till now
Disgraced by any doubt. If you require
More means to plant conviction in your mind,
A scrutinizing eye may haply purge
Its scrupulous state, and shield your royal self.
Commune upon this topic with the prince,
Who hath an ill surmise of Sigismund.

Emperor. He was not in the council.

Adelbert. No, my lord.

Emperor. Get thee away; afflict no more our sight
Till morrow dawns, when bring us evidence
Of guilt in Sigismund: default of which,
Count Adelbert were better born a slave. [Exit EMPEROR.

Adelbert. Auspiciously begun: to render vain
The hold I've given, I needs must blast his fame,
Cherished o'er life. 'Tis bold, and being in,
My only hope is onward. To infect
Most instantly his good repute in court
Is easy; and false doubts, once sown in men,
Do breed prolific. Soil most fit for weeds. [Exit ADELBERT.

SCENE II.—A Chamber in the same.

PRINCE, (*alone.*)

Twelve weary moons; who knows if even then?
In my life's prime a dull entrammell'd age
Of mere survivance on a distant gleam!
This chilly beckons one ambition-spurred.
If he can thus dilate, why not stretch out

The hopeless term till death defines its bound ?
 Prospects do urge the question ; of our sense
 The twilight still precedes extinguished life.
 Dark thoughts do noisily assault my brain,
 While inmate cares, repugnant to this space,
 Sing pray'rs for their admittance. Wrong old man !
 Thus with unslacking tenure, keeping throne.
 If force were capable ? Much he deserves,
 But whether this my mind somewhat misgives.
 'Tis worth — the legate.

Enter CONSTANCE.

Constance. Noble prince, divide
 A passing hour, in interchange of thought
 With one who loves you well.

Prince. Most cheerfully.

Constance. I crave it rather as my holy liege
 Bade me to you impart, with friendly breath,
 What spacious lodging in his breast possess'd
 The sense of your proud mastery and deserts.

Prince. I thank him for his love, which is avowed
 In decking this my worth.

Constance. Oftimes, my lord,
 His grace, encircled by the cardinals,
 Breaks forth into a fit of sounded thought.
 He muses that the father should affy
 To such a nature's vicious wonderwork
 As he in Germany, misruler now,
 A son, so rare and generous in frame.
 And then awhile he thoughtful-mute will pause ;
 Anon exclaim, when goodness neighbor'd evil,
 It should disable this. He pitied much
 Your worth should be self slighted.

Prince. In what view ?

Constance. This : that you sink God's duty in your sire's.

Prince. Consent they not ?

Constance. In no regard, my lord,
 Features exist not more opposed. The first
 Demands a reverent aspect for the pope ;
 To whom your father sore enbosoms hate.

Prince. Paschal speaks thus ?

Constance. How speaks yourself, my lord?

Prince. I think my father scants religion's due,
Maltreating thus your master's frequent quests.

Constance. E'en so; and as an earnest of his thought,
He wills to solve your sworn allegiance,
And consecrate your every cry and stroke
Against th' existing onerous government.

Prince. Whose bidding, think you, is most capable
In Germany?

Constance. The Church, for all the world,
Hath the fore rank. No prelate whom the pope
May not dispose at list.

Prince. Ha! Say you so?

Constance. And why not, my good prince? What reverence
Unto a sovereign owe they, in the ban
And hated object of the Church? Fear not
This tence be preserved in your despite;
Their hearts are due where'er the pope esteems.

Prince. Can you assure his best support through all?

Constance. Ay, by this signet.

Prince. Well; repair with me
To a more fav'ring privacy — Anselm!

Enter ANSELM.

Desire Count Adelbert to seek our chamber.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. — A Room in the same.

Enter SIGISMUND.

What means this upstart strangeness that affects
Where'er I come? All my accustomed friends
Fall from my fellowship, and ice my heart
With frigid and penurious courtesy.
What hath thus crippled me in their regard?
By Heav'n, I'll know it; for my nature craves
Heart sustenance, and farewell all with friends.
Bohemia tends this way. If kindness links,
He should be firm-contracted to my weal.
Hail! My good lord; bestow approach this way.

Enter BOHEMIA.

Break a few words with me.

Bohemia. To-morrow, sir.

Sigismund. To-day or never, duke. Interpret me
This version in the gesture of my friends.

Bohemia. Can you not guess? The current rumor's tongue
With foul connections bloodies your repute.

Sigismund. The charge, the charge?

Bohemia. 'Tis here disloyalty,
'Tis there conspiracy. There want not those
Who cry, his life attempted by your hand.

Sigismund. Whose life?

Bohemia. The emperor's: some e'en these exceed.
Among the main, as I my pace did urge,
Was one amused a gaping curious crowd,
Pretending that 'twas newly brought to light
How you in butcheries time-practised were.

Sigismund. Ha! Ha! My friends, to while away court-time,
Have well contrived this jest.

Bohemia. Ha! Say you so?

Sigismund. Not thus, good duke.

Bohemia. You are in peril, sir;
Which to avoid, 'twere best that you withdraw.

The emperor by Count Adelbert is told——

Sigismund. Ha! Adelbert?

Bohemia. Why stand you thus aghast?
My time hath stress; farewell! But are these truths?

Sigismund. Truths! Truths!

Bohemia. Why clutch your sword? Your looks affright.
I nothing doubt you, baron; but, I pray ye,
Call me not your acquaintance, while these times.

Sigismund. Away, thou thing: exemplar of the world.

[*Exit BOHEMIA.*]

— God help me, what a treach'rous fiend is this!

Seeing his falseness self-bewrayed in me,

No way he knew t' unhand me of his fate,

Save the imputing similar guilt in me.

Most artful, subtle villain! — To enforce

Amercement from his heart's blood, be my task. —

Henry to list his forged batteries!

Heaven forgive him! Adelbert, I burn

To hold thee in the aspect of my sword.
 But lo! he wends this way. Let me retire,
 Lest prescient of my presence he diverge.

Enter ADELBERT.

Adelbert. It gathers as it goes. E'en I am 'mazed
 To see how lovingly mankind embrace
 Conviction of their fellow's guilt. — Ha! you?
 Why thus upon me rivet you your eye?

Sigismund. That conscience fired, more dire may prove your
 death.

Adelbert. Villain! Resheathe your sword; I owe you naught.

Sigismund. Thou hast encanker'd my fair faith with men;
 This ow'st thou me; — but therein poor thyself,
 Thy life becomes my compt. Advise thee, draw;
 Or I will tilt so full upon that breast,
 That further chance shall lose itself with death.

Adelbert. Approach me not, avoid; in danger, Ho!

Enter EMPEROR, AUSTRIA, SAXONY, LORDS, &c.

Emperor. Remove the weapon from that madman's hand. —
 Oh! Sigismund! —

Adelbert. My lord —

Emperor. — This sadly proves
 Th' attached blame; 'gainst all, it must be so. —
 He dare not, if so bent, attempt false charge.
 Approach! How chanced this?

Adelbert. As I, my lord,
 Did casually pace this hall, thought-blind
 And unforeseeing, suddenly out starts,
 Unpresaged, Sigismund. In desp'rate rage
 That I had broached the workings of his heart,
 He lances at my breast.

Emperor. Enough. All hence,
 Unto the council-chamber.

Sigismund. Sov'reign prince,
 Can you list him, and me deny to hear?

Emperor. You shall be heard. Unto the council, all.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*A Cottage.*

ARNOLD, BERTHA, a Boy, (*his son,*) and LEOPOLD *apart in thought.*

Arnold. Have you ne'er a flagon of the vintage, child?

Bertha. Sorrow the day: wine is the only prologue to the best of your old histories of war.

Arnold. Would I had ne'er condescended to utter the accident and sparkles of my time, for then ——

Bertha. We had missed worthy enjoyment.

Arnold. Then would my tired details have the spirit and freshness of news.

Bertha. Keeping bestows not that nicety of relish on the liquor of our memory, which the flow and unhoard beget in the sense of old acquaintance.

Boy. Old soldier, when mean you to take down your ponderous halberd again?

Arnold. Never again, youngster; except my old passion possess me to go up for a finishing sight of my brave war-boy, the emperor. On thirty-six fields have we done slaughter together; in that many of his fifty-five victories have I followed the rout of his enemies. He is the paragon of our race; Time stops amazed and leans on his sickle before him. 'Tis a sufficient lot to live in his age—side by side we have fought.—Well, well; many can vaunt the like; yet when my old helm, thirteen summers by, was split i' the twain to fend his royalty, he said not a little; he shouted ——

Boy. Till the steel of the field did laugh to the sound,—Well done, my old fellow.

Arnold. Out, thou young wolf! Thinkst thou we've not chronicled old 'scapes by the hour together, my sovereign and I; and clashed cans in how many a merry bout?

Boy. I, how many faith? When crazy Tim Kreutzer and you got drunk upon guard one cold Saxon night ——

Arnold. And 'twas as dark as the cave of a Lapland witch, in comes an old German with rusty armor, and hails at companionship with an exceeding curious humor. I tell you, the welkin was split in the audience o' our wit, and our comical jokes and our choruses; but in the top o' ecstasy, up marches our guard-captain, and away with us all to the emperor's tent-chamber.

But where was he then? Ay, that was a most ludicrous perplex to the seekers;—what thinkst thou now? Our old rusty comrade makes nothing to advance to the emperor's state-seat, and by the torch light 'twas him past help, and with a terrible frown afore him. O, my four finger'd hand, what say you was then our affliction?—

Boy. He caused bring swords to old Kreutzer and thee, and bade ye encounter; when ye so whacked and batter'd at other, that ye lay unharnessed a month.

Arnold. I'll so bewrack thy young head, and thou'rt not more i' the ear, and less i' the tongue —

Bertha. Indeed, father, he is forward and so rudely familiar with you —

Arnold. Not a jot, say I; he shall be as I choose, and have words when he will; come, come, Albrecht, brave the valiancy of this goblet. “To the olden days!”—The spirit of the beverage will embolden the intimacy of that liking which seems to wish progress betwixt you.—Fear not, Bertha.

Bertha. Truth I am cowardly and will behold thee sip.

Arnold. When I am a lambkin;—sip, o' my soul!—Would I had a vinegar drop of care, that I might violently drown it thus.—Ho, Sir Albrecht; What now, that you bury the action of your tongue in the speculation of your brain? Better a foolish something than a wise nothing;—if the wars are in no other way efficient, they induce a world of loquacity in their batter'd remnants.

Leopold. My thoughts are in circle on the prospective likenesses of war.

Boy. O no more wars, and I could fast for the grief of it.

Arnold. Why so, youngling?

Boy. Thou art grown out o' war; it fits thee not, and there's an end all o' chance.

Arnold. Murmur who will; he hath an opinion o' me.—But see, son Frederick, and top o' the time it is too.

Enter FREDERICK.

Bertha. O welcome home, dear brother.

Arnold. Welcome, brave boy; what news in the town?

Frederick. No news, but the expectation. Some who profess a fine and intricate knowledge in the signs of the age, and wisely soothsay the events of to-morrow —

Arnold. And there be many o' that profession; what they forecry is as oft the consequence as coincidence of their prophecies.

Frederick. How swims the tide at home?—How now, Albrecht?—But as I learned to say, there is trouble in expectance. Paschal is fanning the time-perishing hatred of papacy 'ward our state.

Arnold. Peace, peace; the pope lacks humanity to fight.

Frederick. Yet seldom fails to decoy to his battle auxiliar substitutes.

Arnold. And that's but true.

Frederick. Beside, the state is rotting at the heart. The priesthood are essentially the pope's instruments through which he blows infection to the very core of the empire. So embosoming these appearances, I was urged to provide me with—suits of armour.

Arnold. The devil! Show us, show us.

Frederick. 'Tis without; I desire thy admiration by sunlight.

[*Exeunt save BERTHA and LEOPOLD.*]

Leopold. Why thus discouraged?

Bertha,

Albrecht, tell me why?

Why throw you still disdain upon my glance,

Granting but melancholy nouriture?

What is it in me possess of such disgrace

As can in your esteem deform me thus?

Leopold. Not so, not so: if, as you still pretend,

A passion urge you for my worthless self,

Why ever vex me with reuttering that

Which serves to grieve me for your own peace' sake?

The thought is false that else than grace abides

In your fair innocence; no guilt of mine

That my dear estimate grows not to love.

This last is elsewhere writ; its links do twain

By an above prescription: so forget

This phantasied conception, and complete

The sum allotted my content. 'Tis much

I owe this roof; I was unfortunate;—

I spake it,—and besought a home. Your doors

Flew gladly wide to my unwarrantize.

Bertha. I fear you are not what you then beseemed;

No peasant's son, I ween, but high in birth.

For there's a spirit of nobility

As nature 'twere, a wrestler with your art

Which is but feeble. If 'tis so, declare:

If birth partition fabrics, ah! perforce

Affection must be dumb; which piteous case
 Must be, for aught I see, its only doom.
 But if my nature hath some flaw, — defect
 In temper, understanding, or in form
 Of language or demeanor, which beneath
 Thy heart and sympathy my value weighs, —
 With strife gigantic, with ambition's strength,
 I'll combat for its o'erthrow, till ——

Leopold. O hold. —

I am not proud, ye gods; no, 'tis not pride ——
 Bertha in this you lacerate my heart.

Bertha. I say no more. [Exit BERTHA.]

Leopold. Great blame is mine herein.
 I linger here, till honor cries, begone.
 My melancholy dreamed to find relief
 In humble socialness. The lot I sought,
 Was found, and the relief desired supplied.
 Had I but limited existence here!
 My error was in knowing Adela, —
 To her belong my thoughts; farewell these walls.

[Exit LEOPOLD.]

SCENE IV. — *Castle of Sigismund.*

BARONESS and ADELA.

Baroness. How tends your choice?

Adela. Not to the court, indeed.

Baroness. On what is grounded your repugnancy?

Adela. My age ——

Baroness. How many less matured, shine there?

Adela. What understanding I herein possess,
 Makes faith to doubt th' advantage of the court
 To youthly residents. I am convinced
 That nature meets contempt and slight from art,
 And best dissimulation bears the palm.

Baroness. You do not widely err, and for your choice
 I shall not urge it. Nothing in our world
 Deserves a prejudice. Howe'er the court
 May be a tumult of mean artifice,

It is a school, where wisdom, if invoked,
May be acquired. Yet you are nearest right.

Adela. 'T was taught of Leopold.

Baroness. Ill-fortuned youth!

Adela. Unfortunate indeed!

Yet have I often mused how his estate
Can live in wrenched possession, why his right
Is banished from the law a term so long.

Baroness. It strangely seems to us, who cannot know
Why wicked strength should master weaker right.
I will impart what knowledge I possess
Questioning this: When mortal malady
Smote the near kindred of young Leopold,
Count Egbert's son so sudden as an hour,
He being orphan'd, a far relative
Took guardianship upon him. For his health
This guardian, Godfrey, sent the boy to seas,
And eight years hindered him of home and rights;
Playing meantime the traitor and the thief.
Urging false claims, he grasped the estate and rank,
And held them for himself. So when returned
The due inheritor, he knew him not;
Denied his sameness, and retained his lands.

Adela. And Leopold could not impress the law
With his identity.

Baroness. Ee'n so.—I leave you,
But will return ere long. [Exit BARONESS.]

Adela. Too oft 'tis seen
That villany runs far a prosperous race,
Yet ne'er knew I a happy term and goal.

Enter LEOPOLD.

Leopold. Nor ever will.

Adela. Ha! Leopold your voice
Startled; howe'er your aspect glads. Indeed
You're welcome to our somewhat loneliness.

Leopold. My steed would take no curb; but as there were
Omnipotent attract herein, he flew
As fleet and straight as arrows to the home.
When heard you from your sire?

Adela. Too long time past,
We hope his soon return.

Leopold I wish it much.
I fear tempestuous hours ; the aspect now
Assumes a still and warning front ; all men
The nat'ral currents of their lives desert,
And pause as if expectant : all informs
To one who mounts the mast-head of the times
To peer beyond, a dreadful sea o'erneath.

Adela. What do you fear ?

Leopold I ever have observed
That civil motion vibrates ere it bursts :
Methinks were men but shallow, blind and dull,
They might forefend the suddenness of fate,
In those dread periods when she summons up
And loosens o'er the rife and ready world
The hell-fires of her wrath, filling the vast
With awful havoc of the gen'ral race. —

Adela. I nothing fear of this. — My parent comes.
Behold !

Enter BARONESS.

Baroness. Informed of your arrive, I haste
To speak your welcome.

Leopold. My best thanks be yours.

Baroness. An unused pallor hath usurped your cheeks.
Unstate this gloom, distemper's minister,
Be sanguine : Grief hath not that power he boasts ;
A little cheer, — affrightedly he flees.

Leopold. To lose his government, I brought me here,
In solitude a fever takes my brain,
And conjures up a ghastlike choir of thoughts,
Till phrenzy make me desperate.

Baroness. Should this be ?
Methought thou heldest not at sorrow's worth
The loss of thy estate.

Leopold. If it were sunk.
A villain's tenure calls upon reprise.

Adela. Who comes ? The court sill rings with iron tramp.

Leopold. The baron.

Baroness. Dost thou think so ? — Yes, 'tis he.

Enter SIGISMUND.

Sigismund. I see all well ; enough. For mine own self
Its health is passing good.

Adela. But, father, no ;

It seems not thus.

Baroness. Your looks are wild and pale.

Sigismund. Then is it their fault, — for I indeed am calm.
Ah ! Leopold.

Leopold. I hope you are belied ;

For truly what is visible of you

Betokens a discomfiture at heart.

Sigismund. Then hearken : I am banished from the court,
And further presence of the emperor,
Disgraced through each division of the realm,
And bounded in my territory's span, —
Yes ! Girdled by these walls. Here in my home —

Baroness. What have you done ?

Sigismund. Good God ! What have I done ?

Slaughtered my prince, — betray'd the state : — What else ?

Whate'er you please. — I wrong your innate fears.

A noble, witless of my nature's stuff,

Did whistle me my sov'reign to desert,

Betraying bootlessly his pers'nal guilt.

The sense of his discovered malintent

And of my power to publish him a wretch

Urged his forefense. He filled the emperor's ear

With misconceit of my rock-loyalty ;

Which known, I gave indignance free consent,

And drew upon this slave. But fell mischance

Called in my lord, who burst to flaming wrath,

And in th' explosion me exiled. — Enough —

Baroness. A timely entrance. Hadst thou silenced this
Person most base, who would not have decried
Thy guiltiness.

Sigismund. 'Twas that inhibited

My loitering for vengeance.

Leopold. Name this man ?

Sigismund. Count Adelbert.

Adela. Cheer, father : in the end

All shall be well determin'd : do not doubt

But truth will triumph.

Leopold. Sorrow blast his heart!

Sigismund. That I must suffer!

Baroness. Till the period comes
Of vindication; then these shackles drop,
And justice may be uttered.

Sigismund. Farewell all.
My good repute stands smirched; and easier 'tis
To blacken than reblanch.

Adela. Rely on Heav'n.

Leopold. Insensate Henry, ere thou sleep'st in peace,
This wide unvalled suspicion thou shalt wail.

Sigismund. Too soon, too soon; he little wots what tempest
Is rising for his harm.

Baroness. Then never grieve:
You stood within, but now art 'yond its reach.

Adela. Here conscience-sheltered, and amid your friends,
You may behold the wintry desolate storms
That tear the world, and smile at your escape.

Leopold. May fiends embattle in his bosom's world!

Sigismund. Good youth, disgrace our colours hath torn down;
Blush not to troop with other stolen friends.

Leopold. You wrong me, by the gods! No: hear me, sir,
I vote each sinew'd parcel of my means
To give erection to your foundered name;
This base supplanting foe, will I pursue
Into earth's hiding places, but revenge
These coward doings, and re-edge your sword
Hacked by the emperor's restriction.

Sigismund. Hold.
'Twere kindness to annul this imposed strait,
Which renders me self-gaoler in my home.
But he is strange to me and odious
Who steals me of my vengeance.

Leopold. Ho! my horse. —

Baroness. Come, be convivial and submerge all care
In nobler wisdom.

Adela. For serenity
Turns inward slander's thorn.

Leopold. To all, farewell.

Sigismund. Where now?

Leopold. To make the emperor reheart
His ancient grace.

Baroness. What title hath your zeal?

Leopold. The tie of kindred; in these letters he
Has giv'n me Adela.

Adela. Is't so, indeed.

I've seen that time, when thou possess'd of these
Wouldst not have ta'en departure in such haste.

Leopold. For thee, for thine I go.

Sigismund. We'll see thee leave.

There's matter for our converse as we go. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI. — *Room in the Palace.*

EMPEROR and PRINCE HENRY.

Prince. Let me commend your highness to impose
An absence on the diet near at hand.

Emperor. What reasons counsel this reproof of usage?
'Tis much that must induce us to infringe
This institute and custom's perquisite.

Prince. Say rather, why should you dispend rich time
And misprized patience thither? Let your years
Of tiresome ceremonials be disrupt;
Do not expose your health, sir, to attend:

Emperor. My mind to go is strung most pointedly,
And is past bias.

Prince. Let your son's entreat
Unbuckle your disposal.

Emperor. Tell me why:
What motive works in you to chain us thence?

Prince. My lord, you cannot think how much the realm
Is in the pope's invisible restraint;
Extravagant conject falls short the sum.

Emperor. O 'tis too true; we are enjoined to crush
This strength-devouring power in our rights.

Prince. Of late, perceiving this, I have sent forth
To know the perfect dolor of this evil.

My lord, beware this congress; 'tis misshaped,
Of base, unleaven'd, hostile rudiments,

That machinate disventures for your state.
The gross and bulk are fee'd and power'd of Rome.

Emperor. Beware! 'twere better they beware.—By Heav'n!
Is our authority the sport of slaves?
When was our sceptre undertamed? To go.—
Shuns the leviathan shoals of pettier breath?

Prince. Your impulse will surrender its resolve,
When of my reasons you are more possess'd.
Think not my love's excess timidity,
But guard and sentinel to your defence.

Emperor. What course takes your persuasion?

Prince. This; to keep
Your valued person from this danger's shade,—
To haste to Ingelheim,—your castle there
Is pleasant, safe, commodious; in the mean,
Your temporary sway declined on me,
I will attend the council, with the force
To shackle all unholy foul designs.
Your presence could no more: Do you accede?
Come, my liege lord, within; whiles I do urge
Capturing arguments and pleas for this. [Exeunt.

SCENE VII.—*Gates of the same.*

SAXON and SON.

Saxon. Son, importune me not.

Son. I have a right.

Some dreadful memory or fancy stirs
Unceasingly within you. In my childhood
I ever saw it, but childlike conceived,
'Twas proper to mankind; not singular
To you, as observations teach at length.
I swear I'll take no further sustenance
Until I know the feature of thy thought.

Saxon. Boy! boy!—Then hearken: Thirteen summers gone
This emperor invaded Saxony, wild-like
And furious in the devastation: Sire
And brethren, wife and children, all, save thee,
Perished one night when through our village came

A party of his soldiers. Mid the ashes
Of my paternal dwelling, I stood up
And took an oath, dreadful and sacred, ne'er
To make my country my abode, till he
Had amply paid these debt in record here.

Son. By Heaven 'twas bold!

Saxon. And just?

Son. 'Twas bold.

Saxon. Not just?

Son. Past his control perhaps the instruments —

Saxon. I sought him ere I swore. But he denied
To make the soldiers suffer.

Son. 'Tis long past.

If you could thus let sleep your high demands,
Why let them always rest.

Saxon. And recreant son,

Have you no feeling of your mother?

Son. Hold!

Let me be partner in your purposes.

Saxon. Enough. Come with me to resolve the means.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Castle of Ingelheim.*

EMPEROR, ADELBERT, BOHEMIA.

Emperor. I find no comfort in this drear abode;
The very air with fantasies is charged,
Which, breathing, so infects our mind with gloom,
That all the channels of our num'rous sense
Convey no cheer, nor else but ill forbodes.
Upon the instance of the morrow's sun,
This dusk and imperfection of a place
We shall desert: regain our proper roof
And more dear habittance.

Adelbert. To Méntz, my lord?
It can but give an edge to danger's tooth.

Emperor. Even so; Who saw us shrink from peril's front,
Save in the imply of this pernicious time?
The fiend take all advice; when impulse sways,
Seldom toils sorrow after to chastise.
But when our nature swerves to foreign art,
Repentance galls the subject; so, no more.
But take a backward step from rash resolve,
It seems a something so deformed and strange,
That we, our people's sovereign and our own,
Should start from jeopardy.

Adelbert. And yet, my lord,
Would your dear son dread unembodied risk?
Or thus advise were menace not most lov'd?

Emperor. Most true; dear Henry, kind beloved son,
Meseems, our first was framed distort and curst
That we our present having might apprise.
What storms soe'er assiege our time-moss'd head,

The wealth of his fidelity might swell
Our torn possession even to whole content.

Enter RHODERICK.

Rhoderick. Their graces of Cologne, of Worms and Mentz,
Archbishops, with a lib'ral body-guard,
Ask audience of your majesty.

Emperor. Indeed! —
Present them on the instant.

Rhoderick. Sire, forgive:
Affection boldens me, — their warlike port
Makes me to apprehend a threatened harm.
Deny, and fly: thus plainly counsels one,
A lowly subject but sincere, my lord.

Adelbert. Fly, slave! Take that, thou reptile.

[*Exit RHODERICK.*

Emperor. Let them come —
Ne'er smite your lessers; they're bestowed with soul,
And liberal nature sanctions their revenge
As their superiors.

Adelbert. Menials should possess
A servile spirit, made to bend and brook.
Nature, my lord, discriminates; and knows
In her apportionments the difference
Of worldly state.

Emperor. Is't so? I tell thee, no. —

Enter ARCHBISHOPS OF COLOGNE, MENTZ, and WORMS.

Cologne. In that diet's name, the holiest pontiff's grace
Has blessed and sanctioned, we approach thine eye,
O, Henry!

Emperor. Well; your charter we allow;
Time scorns used form; unlock forthwith your charge.

Mentz. O, sir, our message only suits your ear.

Bohemia. Let us retire the while, Count Adelbert. [*Excunt.*

Emperor. Now give these hardy frowns, a key in terms.

Cologne. You are enjoined, by mandate and consent
Of the assembled congress, now in Mentz,
To abdicate the crown; resign the robe,
The ring, the crown, which symbolize thy power,
To our collegued and high-empowered hands;

Which law is so supreme to all dispute
That replication is but empty sound.

Emperor. We laugh at your commission; get you back,—
We'll be in Mentz before ye; not a one
Among these traitorous, rash, rebellious worms,
But shall bewEEP this day, when they were drunk
With senseless hardihood. Avoid our sight:
We're angered to a point will doom your death,
If longer tarry ye t' afflict our eye.

Worms. Laughter is not the livery for chains:
Were we undignified 'twere ours to mock.
Look out that portal: the wide tenement
Is full with the suppliance of our strength,
And to our mere presentment, yours surrender.

Mentz. O powerless prince, know exaltations cease:
Give o'er the garniture of royalty
Wherewith your successor may be indued.

Emperor. What's he?

Mentz. Your son.

Emperor. Ay, even so, good Mentz:
And he will wait his father's free dispose,
Ere don the weighty robes of royal care.

Cologne. What! is your offspring loving and so true?

Emperor. Thou workst that smile to taunt my earlier loss.
But know, O priest, my duteous son and heir
Would sooner roam the basest mendicant,
Than see his father outraged in this kind.

Worms. Who was it spurred the diet to this mark
Which now we represent? Thy boasted son.
His factors filled the hall, and each convoked
He first approved and in the task prepared.
For he is righteous and doth love the church.

Emperor. Was this enrol'd against me, ye of Heaven?
Were not my tribute and my doom consumed
When Rodolph paired my heart and killed the half?
But credence cannot go this flight, — no, no;
False-spoken priests, I hold your sland'rous words
Untrue and merely malice.

Cologne. Peace, O peace!
Delay, time's thief, we will not tolerate.
By those we serve we shall have our command.

Emperor. Let then your oaths remove this pendent doubt,
Which will not yield to your infectious words.
Swear him a faithless guilty-stricken son, —
Conjure him to mine eyes that hollow thing.

Cologne. By my devotion, I protest your son
Did move the congress to depose his sire.

Emperor. Am I this wretch? Or is it nature's fault?
Rhoderick bring forth the purple robe:—

Worms. Ah, now
You show like what you should: consent alone
Might sweeten future medicines.

Emperor. Behold!
The ring, the robe, the crown, ourself enthroned..
Now, tell me, why should we put off these signs?

Cologne. The righteous congress utter the command.

Emperor. They are unsanctioned, and their words are froth.

Cologne. Earth's highest warrant vests their utterance.

Emperor. In our own realm, validity hath nought
Which disrespects our sovereignty of will.
Hence, dull, unmanner'd priests; in you we know
But headstrong insolence. Are you our peers?
Nothing that shames this orb hath baser frame,
Less winnowed earthliness, than thou, Cologne
And Mentz thyself. Did we apparel ye
In the rich decorations of your sees,
And dare ye thus confront —

Mentz. Why suffer we
This war of epithet to steal our time?
We're officer'd to capture these ensigns;
So —

Emperor. Hold! one stride compels a tragic deed;
Stand where thou standst; — as well as dare advance,
Buy hell with self-infliction. — Priest, beware!

(MENTZ disarms him.)

Ho, there! my battle-axe! — wouldst pillage me?
The black death take thy flesh, false-hearted hound,
To bay thy master thus! Oh for a sword
All 'twixt the Hartz and Alps! — Now are we shorn.

Mentz. Where was your benefit? must I perforce
Be single soldier to our captaincy?
Take thou the purple, — thou the ring! — myself

This chief temptation will convey. So, now
 With this rich freight let us rewend our way.
 Farewell, sir.

Worms. God be with you!

Cologne. Prince, farewell! [*Exeunt.*

Emperor. Hark! their drums beat triumphant march. — And
 now

What's left for me? To list me in his guard
 And be my offsprings underling? How else?
 By my best strength, I'd rather tread the wold
 And make the beasts my dieters, — alone,
 Unserved, unmaster'd, levy life's supply. —
 But come, thou better genius, honest pride,
 Whose symbol is not glitter. —

— Be it so:

Abjection for the bended peasant's soul, —
 We mount the clouds to battle with the storm.
 And yet, what wildness could have hit conject
 Of under nature there? — The times live hence
 To note and weep our losses; when in port,
 We may review our rented sails. The main
 Cries on us to display our every best;
 These strippings are but hollow; they are wide
 Of royalty's fixed soul. — By Heaven, we must
 Reburnish apprehension once again,
 And disentomb our effort militant.
 Although this individual self contain
 Our one-whole squadron, yet shall come the strife.
 What rude approach? Are we soon contemned?

Enter LEOPOLD

Leopold. My lord, a most just friend hath been extort
 And warped from your esteem, by falsehood's wiles
 And envy's angry hate; albeit the skies
 No being cope whose heart's most native throbs
 Chord more unjarred fidelity. — My lord,
 I swear he hath been wronged, maligned, traduced;
 Though it may forfeit the decline of those
 Too high in place, yet shall not I go hence
 Till in your estimate and due regard
 Is uncareened your faithful Sigismund.

Emperor. O tell me by what spell he could awake
This sympathy in thee, this extacy ?

Leopold. His bosom ne'er did offer port, my lord,
To thought disloyal. Malice hath diseased
Your sound regard, and stol'n your very armor.
Could you dishearken one whom time approved
An honest, loyal lover, and partake
The villain hate of rank deformity ?
Weapon with your opposeless sway a thing
Conjunct of baneful, subtle artifice,
Excommunicated from all high-born sentiment,
To let him hack and slash among the fame
Of excellence, in his true state possessed.
O, my good lord, 'tis easy to declare
His falsehood's secret cause. Having betrayed
His bosom's perfidy to Sigismund,
Th' unwise committal urged this subsequence.

Emperor. Rhoderick, bid Count Adelbert approach. —
Thy name ?

Leopold. Is Leopold, Count Egbert's son.

Emperor. Him I remember while this life endures.
The day lives brightliest in my memory
When from a matin fate he snatched my days.
Beneath my mother's tutelage I grew,
Till my twelfth spring arrived, when my remove
Was by the priesthood planned. Enticed by craft,
On Hamno's sumptuous ship I one day passed,
Viewing its novel beauty and fast frame.
Upon a motion all afloat the oars
And down the Rhine we swept. Then, most alarmed,
I cast my pithless body in the tide, —
And rashness would have had high sacrifice,
Had not Count Egbert instantly pursued
And disappointed ruin.

Rhoderick. He went hence
In cordial company —

Emperor. Is't possible ?
With the archbishop ?

Rhoderick. Even so my lord !

[*Exit.*

Emperor. O miserable dolt, these eyes are filmed
With folly, else how fail to apprehend

The portents of this day of treachery.—
Go, bid exult the baron: him we wronged
And he may triumph o'er our humbled state.

Leopold. He'd sooner die. But what hath fallen my lord?

Emperor. I'll move the veriest energies of earth
To make this day an interval — no more.
Time must renerve my wounded pow'r, and soon,
Retribute with a vengeance. Smile, my soul; —
Thy countenance, although impassionate,
Breathes token of an inward sorrow; say,
Are we not right?

Leopold. Ay, by my father's tomb.

Emperor. Cam'st thou from Mentz along? What news was
there?

Leopold. I hastily spurred through either gate, my lord,
And tarried for no sound.

Emperor. Thou knowst not then
The diet's seizure of their sovereign's crown?

Leopold. The grace of Heaven forbid!

Emperor. Three ruffian priests
Despoiled our person, but this instant hour,
Of coronation weeds.

Leopold. With what intent?

Emperor. Ha! there: the utterance stabs; — to elevate
Our recreant son into his father's seat.
Standst thou amazed? Behold! I have no crown,
Yet one might speculate a sympathy
Was raging in your eye.

Leopold. By Heaven's bright orb,
With my best heart I'll follow in your rule
Till on these traitors you've suspended chains
To pull them under earth! Rebellious slaves! —
Enlist me in your ranks, my injured liege,
And you shall see, how all my bosom warms
Toward my prince in his calamities.
Misfortune eases those neglected springs
Whose duty is a fellowship for grief.

Emperor. By all the gods! good youth, you shall have post
In critical approach to us.

Leopold. And you
Will invite Sigismund —

Emperor. If he consent
 To shut his memory's portal, (save against
 The prime malicious mover,) and indeed
 Go shares with our distress, till we are firm,
 He shall possess this bosom all entire.
 Whoe'er be friends in these disastrous times,
 By Heav'n hereafter we will sell ourself
 If it may do him good. Of this enough:
 Necessity calls to us from afar,
 And we must hence upon occasion's front.
 Who meets not fortune's buffets with a smile
 Is further smitten: time hath taught us this. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. — SIGISMUND *in his castle.*

O what a curb is patience for revenge;
 And how all confines prey upon its flame.
 Hope is its casual food, — its ultimate
 Is voluntary poison: — with content
 It ceases being. How I long to 'scape
 This conscience which computes each unseized hour
 That gallops unimproved from careless reach;
 Vengeance, — revenge; two bloody-looking terms:
 Appel it justice then, of more meek note.
 Be whatsoe'er it may, who tamely meets
 The woundings of despite, were he not pale
 And imbecile at heart, would act those deeds
 His sufferance vilely flatters. Well, my child?

Enter ADELA.

Adela. Father, you shall not be so lone: indeed
 To fasten speculation on your wrongs
 Is profitless. See, it suspends a gloom
 And unbecoming favor on your brow.
 Pray, tell me, if th' inquiry not offends,
 Why are your feudsmen gathering in arms?
Sigismund. Is't so? I knew it not. — Rodolph, how now?

Enter RODOLPH.

Rodolph. Tidings that fill the air : th' old emperor
Hath been disseated, disenthroned, disrealmed,
And in his place upraised his son, my lord.

Sigismund. So soon ?

Rodolph. My lord ? — A contest is presaged
By various manifestoes. Sire and son
Sound their loud trump for partisans ; the noise
Amazes all the land.

Sigismund. These drops foreshow
A torrent mustering.

Rodolph. The numerous part
Of your true feudators, come flocking in,
In hard pursuance of these news, haste-armed,
And ready for your guidance to the fields.

Sigismund. Whither would they ?

Rodolph. Where'er your pleasure wills.

Sigismund. Rodolph, I made thee know what accidents
Had gambled with my time-bought estimate.
As honest impulse actuates your thoughts,
And your gray hairs deserve the privilege,
Give me your counsel in this crisis.

Rodolph. How ?
Why thus : Weighing your duty's permanence
Which at your sovereign's check did never balk,
But still through all his fortune's maze adhered,
It seems a monstrous and excuseless fault
This finish of your trust. Had I your power
I would exert it his reverse to heap
And sicken his mutation. Trust me, sir,
Your tenants are indignant at these wrongs. —

Adela. But, Rodolph, know you not he was misled,
And was the very villain's instrument,
Who wrought against your master these events ?
Thy counsel is of judgment thine unworthy.

Rodolph. The world o'erteems with malice ; 'tis as slight
And common as the merest weeds that grow ;
'Tis the inflicted trouble of our state,
A fret of nature : worthless our regard ;
A spider to be crushed not warred upon. —
Ingratitude is something else ; for what

Imbided affection's nurture, was enriched
By long respect, must, in its treachery,
Be surely worth the sickle of our wrath.

Adela. O, father, there is no nobility
In the return of meditated wrong
'Gainst erring impulse. Let me counsel now.
Here rest you quiet till assurance comes
That the old emperor is in the field.
Then it befits you muster all your force,
And march to his support.

Sigismund. Thou hast but hit
My own determined course. I merely played
With your opinions. Rodolph, not to-day,
Will we go forth.

Rodolph. Even so. [Exit RODOLPH.

Adela. When do you guess
That Leopold will return?

Sigismund. I fear indeed
These wars will charm his absence for some while.

Adela. O, no; he will not linger.

Enter a MESSENGER.

Sigismund. Have you news?

Messenger. These letters sir. [Exit.

Sigismund. Thank Heaven! from Leopold. —
With higher matter mix'd he sends me these:
My sov'reign kindly wafts me his desire,
The memory to let fly of past dissents,
And be his friendly subject once again.
By Heaven! good bye to dreary, noiseless walls.
The wars, with all their bruyant accidents,
Of emulation hot and eager-eyed,
Of lofty venture, and the livery
Of sound and scene which almost melt the sense
To one most dazzled sentiment, we seek.
But why in meditation wrapt, my child?

Adela. That which is not; a reasonable plea
For this strange-shown neglect; why came he not?

Sigismund. Wait till the strife is done. Come, Adela:
Departure must be planned, enforced and wept,
Ere sundown.

[Exit.

SCENE III. — *Palace at Mentz.*

ADELBERT and GODFREY.

Adelbert. Is your possession stable and secure ?
Is it so mortised that no slightest chink
May work hostility about your wealth ?

Godfrey. I know not that. This stripling here and there
Makes sceptics in my right to titled rank.
I would he were where I do gossip him.
Dost thou know Sigismund ?

Adelbert. My veriest foe.

Godfrey. Heav'n blest him in his child. I saw her once ;
The only fair in Germany. She's given
In plight to Leopold.

Adelbert. — Is't so ? why then
I prophecy our enmities concur. —
My brother you must give this boy a pass
For Heaven's gate, else may you apprehend
But perilous morrows.

Godfrey. So, at times, I think.
But I have stricken all too much his kin —

Adelbert. To hesitate for him. What is it worth
The acquisition of your broad estates,
If insecurely yours. You know the prince
Casts a fair eye on us, and now commence
With his domains occasion for our stars.
Since we forsook the common paths of men,
Swearing the general order to surmount,
How happily and high have we progressed !
Scruples ne'er aided us.

Godfrey. Nor shall they now
Oppose our scope. This earliest of my fear
I'll gratify ere time hath travel'd much.

Adelbert. And if this maiden nears your heart's desire
I'll help you to the matrimony. Go :
We'll hold anon some converse on this text. [*Exit GODFREY.*]
He bowed before mine eye in days of play,
Whose power is still his governor. 'Tis strange
How high command a grain of nature gives
In one above another unpossest. — Ha ! ha !

His daughter, — then, his lands, — ay, stripped
 To very want, starvation and despair. —
 Hell's miseries cannot effray my hate.
 Behold, our new-anointed sovereign comes.

Enter HENRY THE FIFTH, *the* ARCHBISHOPS OF COLOGNE, WORMS,
and MENTZ, *and* AUSTRIA.

Henry. You have well done; our sanction and our thanks
 Go with your violent motions. Austria,
 We must stand ready for a sudden march.
 — Till all the faculties that help his hopes
 Are broken up, himself without a home,
 Save what submission buys, this crown is not
 Without some parcel of my father's spirit. —
 A heavy force comes onward from our bounds;
 From every point direction hath attained.
 The sound of trampling masses bowls along.

Adelbert. The empire yields her richest veins, for war
 To sluice for your maintain of place, my lord.

Henry. We doubt it nothing. Meantime let our friends
 Look toward gratitude for honors. They
 Shall coin what the false servants of the crown
 Lose in their treachery. We shall have note
 Of who stand up rebellious with my sire;
 These forfeited estates we will bestow
 Among the more judicious. Now will we
 Glance o'er the lists of our assembling force. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. — *Louvain — in the Castle.*

EMPEROR *and* LEOPOLD.

Emperor. Thou wound'st me quickly with this tale of thine
 To be despoiled of your inheritance,
 Your title, all your rights by wicked art —
 How could this be? This causes shame in me
 For my abused authority, whose look

Should scope these continents, yet so could wink
Before th' unheeded outrage of this crime.

We are beholden to adversity,
That in our judgment hath disclosed these faults.
So much as our bled state hath vein to do,
Shall act remuneration of thy loss.
In our regard stand thou as titled ; when
We've funeralized rebellion, to thy rights
We'll lend a hasty hand.

Leopold. But better 'twere
We waive this paltry matter that usurps
Important hospitage unprivileged :
Let it at random float, till graver cares
Have ta'en permittance from your burthen'd mind.

Emperor. Swift and continuous as the wind, the noise
Of gath'ring powers blows 'gainst us from the south.
When rich men leave their coffers undefensed
With what a zest — I burn to be away
And breathe a better life upon the march.

Leopold. My heart each moment more impatient grows
Till we are launched upon the sea of war.
Upon your voice depends such rallied bands
Of legiant subjects as give warranty
For the immediate onset.

Emperor. We shall make
All further our equipment by this night,
And ere the morn is yet awake, be bound
Upon that voyage which must have no fate
But shipwreck or success : all vulgar hope
That aims at mere self-safety, stand aloof. —
Here comes Bohemia, whose truth is steel
Against distress, with others several. — Heav'ns!
Accord me but the means of gratitude.

Enter BOHEMIA, ERMENGARDE, and GENERALS.
How live the preparations ?

Bohemia. Prosperously.
Your generals come embodied to announce
That all stand eager for the marshal-word.

Emperor. They soon shall have the slip for which they pant,

Let all be perfect. Meantime, mark these few :
 No discipline neglect, yet foster more
 The soldier's spirit. Intersperse your speech
 With sparks of fiery honor ; resting sure
 That inspiration is not barred his heart,
 One soul, ambition-spurred, is of more rank
 Than troops of strict servility ; for oft
 A breast so fired may turn the tide, and 'whelm
 The pouring victory.

Bohemia, *Ee'n so, my lord,*

Enter RHODERICK,

Rhoderick. A force is seen upon th' approach this way. [*Exit Leopold.* By my best hopes, 'tis Sigismund.

Emperor.

No, no :

I've weighed more nicely his late accidents :
 'Tis not in human nature to forget
 Such crying wounds, and, when retalliance
 Is opportune, to render help for harm.
 O, no ; yet think not, therefore, we regret :
 O never, — nothing. —

[*Exit LEOPOLD.*

Ermengarde, your horse
Show gallantly ; they plume your cap of pride,

Re-enter LEOPOLD.

Leopold. My lord, tis he.

Emperor.

Who, Sigismund ?

Leopold.

Ee'n he, —

Whose proper force is much incorporate
 With augments on the march,

Emperor,

Go forth, good lord,

And give him greeting — leave us to ourself.

[*Exeunt.*

O for the fine, the wild and spacious hope
 That urged me victor through innumerable fields
 In other days. How can I else
 Than be a loser in the present strife ?
 Say that I conquer, what more fell defeat
 Than where my subjects shed rebellious blood, —
 My son a prisoner of war ? O fate !

Somewhat too long you wished me drag this life.

Curses take hold him ! Can I tittle son

A traitor thus disrespectful-eager for

His destined burthen, that he needs must stab

The very father-love in 's parent's heart ?

[*Exit.*

A C T III.

SCENE I. — ARNOLD's Cottage.

Bertha. Gone, gone, past all return, and ne'er a word
To breathe a consolation for left grief.
— The torment of his station. — Fool, fool, fool! —
My brother forth among the crazy wars,
Which gallop down their best; him followed now
My old storm-beaten father. — Quite alone. —
“Wait here till havoc neighbours, then withdraw
To the near convent,” was his last prescript.
I am determined else. For me what cheer
When all my hopes stand in mine enemy?
This resolution is my only sort, —
Disguised to make my father company
And helpful comrade in the wars. Perchance
I may behold, ere my sad fate is reached,
My heartless captor; then there rests no more.
My parent hath not many hours advance,
I'll start time-even to enact these thoughts,
A certain grace a tragic end imparts
To what lives unregarded and — repentance. [Exit.

SCENE II — EMPEROR's camp near Ratisbon. Before his tent
SIGISMUND, LEOPOLD, BOHEMIA, and OFFICERS.

Leopold. The scouts are home; they found the hostile front
Before their sight had lost our outerposts.

Bohemia. Verging this way?

Leopold. Most sure, and nimble too.

Sigismund. The fearful crisis then will fatalize
To-morrow's feature.

Leopold. Hopes cry, certainty

Enter a MESSENGER.

Messenger. The enemy are encamped within three leagues.

Leopold. How near the mediate river ?

Messenger. Sir, they lie

Upon its very hem.

Leopold. Enough : depart.

[*Exit MESSENGER, — LEOPOLD enters the EMPEROR's camp.*

Sigismund. We'll give them honest greeting. — I'll rip up
The bowels of their ranks, to find my foe. —
Bohemia, think you our late estimates
Rate high the enemy ?

Bohemia. Too low, too low.

They double your false reckoning

Sigismund. It may be :

Still on the more will traitor's ruin fall

Bohemia. 'Tis well to buoy your spirits with this trust ;
'Tis well enough : yet do not much rely
Upon your sense of right ; they have the same :
Nor is it conscience alway bears the palm.
You must do bravely to o'erthrow their force.

Sigismund. You ? your ? as he were not conjoint with us.

Enter EMPEROR and LEOPOLD from the tent.

Emperor. Give order that the posts projected be
Ee'n to the Regen's brink. Our force we mean
At the third watch of night shall follow up.

Leopold. It shall be articulated among the troops.

Enter an ATTENDANT.

Attendant. An officer from the enemy, my lord,
Entreats a parley with your majesty. [*Exit.*

Emperor. What matter in this hour ? The time has gone
When offer might import.

Enter OFFICER.

What from the foe ?

Officer. No foe, my lord, but your dear loving son

I am direct, with modest emphasis,
 To bring these subjects to your reason's ear.
 The numeral force of Henry, styled the Fifth,
 Far outstrips your opposings, even when ta'en
 The liberal-conjectured quantities.—
 Victory is his pers'nal slave of motion.
 — But with a shrinking and o'erfine a heart
 Doth he take arms against your highness' pride;
 And could he wake your virtues, would correct
 These times' dissensions with a peaceful hand.
 Heav'n hear his protestations! that he moves
 By pure and righteous causes guided, as
 To win retractment of those scandals given
 The holy Church, to urge the nobler sparks
 Of your revolted nature, and in fine
 Induce a penitent and curbed deport
 Toward the pope: and therewithal he adds
 Would Paschal call his shafted curse again
 And pour the blessed commune-rights anew,
 His hostile arm will duteously decline.

Emperor. Hypocrisy! E'en fiends condemn the creature.—
 Now while my thoughts pass that way, Leopold,
 See thou the spirit of sound be not neglect;
 The battles droop where music revels not.

Leopold. My lord, it shall be ordered.

Officer. Has your highness
 Considered of this question? I await
 Due entertainment.

Emperor. Ha! wilt share our cheer?
 You shall be feasted. For the other part
 The manner of reply will be confessed
 Upon the cap o' the morn.

Officer. Enough: this slight
 Of proffer'd bounty soon will have its rue. [Exit.

Emperor. Come, Sigismund, and tent with us a while
 To barter judgment on some grave imports.—
 The rest to their transactions: in the night,
 At the sixth watch, let all the chief attend
 Our ultimate commands and distributes.

[EMPEROR and SIGISMUND enter the tent — Exit LEOPOLD.
Bohemia. Observe how rash his ventures. What, my lords,

But idiocy could hope success herein ?
Their mass still thickening and their counted force——

Ermengarde. Past all expectance. I am well convinced
Your reasons lack not cogency. And note
How fair a heraldment and foul reply,
But even now.

Bohemia. The honors of our mind
Are not herein impeached, for fealty
Is paid in our adherence to this length ;
While those of rank may look for preference

Ermengarde. The channel of inducements is not dry.

Bohemia. Come to my tent, where I'll unfold to you
The letters of Count Adelbert, — sum up
Th' excuse and instigation of this art, —
And dress your souls for motion in this cause :

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. — *Outposts of the Camp.*

ARNOLD, and BERTHA, *disguised, on guard.*

Arnold. Well, occasion may soon prove you a warrior, and tis to be hoped a gallant one.

Bertha. I shall achieve my best; who could do less in such a cause were merely a felon.

Arnold. Right. — I know not, but either the frankness wherewith you affect me, or some latent associations, have rooted in me at once a paternal regard and soldierly fellow feeling toward you. I peruse a subjugated sorrow, a subscribed melancholy in your countenance, which, though your modesty assume a gayety, challenge my sympathy and heart kin.

Bertha. The place is bleak, and the night wind chill; I fear the exposure will afflict your health.

Arnold. O, never: many the drear and wintry nights have I walked below the stars, — but always with warm thoughts: I am now too serious by half: I was wont to make admired entertainment for the watch; but the humor has vanished.

Bertha. The reason?

Arnold. This: — Ever with my devotion to the good emperor, was mingled such a rooted confidence as made it cheerful. But

now it thickens on his sorrows, and there are fears of his success—What iniquity! what shameless, foul, ungrateful treachery! Such a father too, who should make proud the love and fidelity of a son. Wo-stricken Henry! in life's setting hour, to arm against a rebel child! cruel, cruel:—'T would murder me, e'en me an undeserving, fond old soldier, to know the minutest failing in my offspring's affection.

Bertha. Our captain's worthy of your honest warmth; and meseems were men but what they are, they would bear a most tender grief for his misfortunes, and devote their total means to his restoration. Yet do but see; the forced disfeatured motion of a revolted son, with all the appal of incident, take the main oaths, and recreant swords are most. All is one; — fickle, falsely fickle; self-love, self-love, and no feeling, no pity.

Arnold. Bitterly spoke and true. But take place where they will they are the guilty, and heaven will visit them. All wrongs are borne in mind.

Bertha. But say what you list, the church is the prime mover of this rebellion. Tell me who can, how grew this animosity.

Arnold. You know Henry was in his seventh year when he inherited the crown. The priestcraft strove at once to impregnate the blossoms of his judgment with reverence for the pope, and a submissive humilant awe. All their endeavours however were frustrated by the observation of the prince, who saw in the arrogant and encroaching Gregory, naught to claim his deference. So when he stood upon his independence, a footing which was nature's free gift, and would not thence be urged, the whole effort of the hood, with engines of malediction, and treachery—working deceit was bowled against him. Rebel and rebel, son after son disloyal, were the defeated fruit of their wrath. And now, the master sting of the whole is blown against him, when nature was almost ready for him. God befriend us! to-morrow will be a fearful contest, and I fear me, the period of his strife-torn days. Come, let us be cheerful to-night.

Enter LEOPOLD with SOLDIERS.

Arnold. Stand, ho! disclose yourself and purposes:
You may not pass beyond.

Leopold. Nor mean we so.
I make the circle of the posts to know
If all lives safe and proper through the watch.

Bertha. Tis he.

Arnold. All here secure and silent. Sir, your voice
Recalls some friend in mind; say, do you know
Old Arnold Adelfred.

Leopold. Is't so? again
Among the wars?

Arnold. And you, that seem to own
Authority, are you not called Albrecht?

Leopold. Ay, and a fellow soldier with yourself,
Though not what I professed, when I besought
Your liberal bounty. When your watch is done
Seek out the tent of Leopold: tis pitched
Beside the Emperor's. Awhile farewell.
Strictly defend all passage of the lines.

[*Exit.*

Bertha. This proves his false report, his noble rank.
O woful certitude to stead my fears!
Wrong and most wrong deceit, and not on him
But me, ah me! the forfeit thereof falls.
O now comes desperation, death and doom!
I care not what to end or drag my woes.
O, spirit of evil! give me instant means
To leave this gloomy dream, this tragic play.

Arnold. I muse nor can resolve; here is indeed
A wonder-worthy marvel. — Hark! young friend:
Wouldst think this officer had hearthred with me,
Been my companion for the two past years?

Bertha. 'Tis very strange indeed.

Arnold. So should it seem
Did you know all. I long to hear him tell
How this promotion came.

Bertha. 'Tis nothing so,
No sudden elevance, but birth-bestowed.

Arnold. No, I repeat: he sate beside my board —

Bertha. But yet self-falsified.

Arnold. You know him then?

Bertha. His heart, his heart, his heart!

Arnold. It is not well.

Some certain regard that was based upon his appearance
must now slide with its foundation and with a shock too.
'Twas not well. — I'll tell thee, my friend, how I have a
daughter who conceived a silly fondness for the fair youth's

company, and now may reckon her spent affections. It is ill, and so will I this night instruct him.

Bertha. O it was foul, if he won her heart to desert —

Arnold. Not justly so; he never played for it, — but rather, as far as my old and oblivious discernancy carried, she more loved to bestow her regard than he to accept.

Bertha. Then only she or you can censure self.

On her, not him, truth's sorrow should alight.

Arnold. Reflect not on her boy: she's dear to me.

Enter BOHEMIA, ERMENGARDE and OFFICERS.

Bohemia. Stand not before — prevention is in vain.

We are full wrought to pass, though hell oppose.

Depose your halbert, ere you fall with it.

Arnold. In the emperor's name, I bid you stand. — Ho! help! The watch. —

Ermengarde. 'Twere better silence him.

Bohemia.

Ay, ay.

Perish all hindrance.

Bertha. Let us stand our guard.

Arnold. Back or I'll cleave the foremost.

Bohemia.

Knock him then.

Such vile impediments are worth the rough

And moment-quick reject, nor more nor less.

So, spurn them from our passage.

Arnold.

Treachery!

Help, guard!

[*Broil. — Exeunt BOHEMIA, &c.*

Young soldier, are you hurt? By Heaven!

You used a noble staff.

Bertha.

Good father, help!

There, well — farewell.

Arnold. God pardon us, he's wounded. Dead? quite gone.

O cruel death, upon the eve of fight.

[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*Hall in the Castle of Sigismund.*

Enter RODOLPH and RHIST.

Rodolph. Do you hear, porter?

Rhist.

What?

Rodolph.

They are coming. Yes,

I saw them from the terrace. By my faith,
I hope for sport with them. 'Twere worth some wounds
To tell our lord returning from the wars,
We had not been all quiet.

Rhist. Ay, what now?

Sayst thou a force approaches?

Rodolph. Even so.

Rhist. But why talkst thou of wounds? There needs no risk
Of person. Is there not sufficient strength
In these same walls? Better they stand the battery —

Rodolph. You care not then to fight, — Get to the gates;
There is a knocking; go and satisfy. [*Exit RHIST.*]
I recollect some rusty lances in the vault — All now
May be of service.

Re-enter RHIST with GODFREY.

Rhist. Here's one desires to entertain a while
Our lady with discourse.

Rodolph. I will report. [*Exit.*]

Godfrey. Hark ye, young honest friend, what over all
Claims your affection.

Rhist. What? my lord the baron.

Godfrey. Why so?

Rhist. He is my lord;

Godfrey. If thou thyself

Wert master of thyself?

Rhist. Myself would be

My chief affection.

Godfrey. Then should you desire
The eminent means to make thee thine own lord.

Rhist. And they —

Godfrey. Are what?

Rhist. Are gold: which, to speak sooth,
Has more of my devotion than the baron.

Godfrey. Thou hast a wit. Take this.

Rhist. I love thee much.

Godfrey. Impress the portal keys in wax, and bear
The counterfeits at midnight to yon camp.

Rhist. Rely upon me. [*Exit.*]

Enter BARONESS and RODOLPH.

Baroness. Your pleasure?

Godfrey. 'Tis to utter our demands

Upon this castle. Your surrenderment,
Speedy and total, will not lose you aught
Save bloody prisal.

Baroness. Though no argument
May move our hesitance, yet fain would we
Know wherefore thus bold featured we are shown
The image of oppose.

Godfrey. The traitorous state
Of Sigismund, once lord within these walls
Who now steads hostile pow'rs, hath forfeit them
To the true empire. With her name and sword
We give them greeting, fair or deadly foul,
As reason or your madness sway reply.

Baroness. We are embattled strongly and will keep
Our castle from unruly ownership
While life finds sustenance here.

Godfrey. E'en as you list.
The rising sun shall hear another tale.
Farewell the interval.

Baroness. Who leads this force?

Godfrey. I, Godfrey, for my brother Adelbert.

Baroness. Enough.

[*Exit GODFREY.*

Rodolph, at once in the great hall convene
Our numbers, that I may allot to each
Their post and charge, — and breathe a spirited mind
Throughout our slender but sufficient ranks.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. — *A remote part of the field of Battle. Soldiers fly over — a pause.*

Enter two SOLDIERS.

1st Soldier. Pause we awhile: methinks there's no pursuit.

2d Soldier. The struggle was not lasting.

1st Soldier.

But enough

To give their last to many. 'Twas an hour
As bloody as I've seen.

2d Soldier. But do you think
The emperor is safe?

1st Soldier. I know not that.

2d Soldier. I saw him in the thickest of the field
Giving and taking courage. On my life
I stood beside him —

1st Soldier. Fly, they are upon us. [Exeunt.]

Enter EMPEROR, SIGISMUND and RHODERICK.

Emperor. See, they are fugitives from even their friends.

Sigismund. A massacre, no more: were not our bulk
Dismembered in revolt and thorough lamed,
The rebel band had trembled to approach.
The incooped terror cowards dare to brave.

Emperor. 'Twas a mock fight in numbers, but — ye gods!
Relentless? — desperate-true in cost, in cost.
In proudest heat of life, I stretched not so
Each sinew of my nature in the field,
As on this final day. First, last defeat!
Dear-purchased loss, whose worst time's hand still hides.

Sigismund. 'Tis due no grief, dear sovereign. Days shall
come

When justice will preponderate abroad;
For high deserts were ne'er so fatalized.

Emperor. That dire necessity which called for blood
And walled us in to contest, unreprieved,
Unmatched, deferless, most I deprecate, —
For I am nothing: many that now sleep,
Remains of valor, o'er this barren field
Might yet be something. But, 'twas other order'd.

Sigismund. Their lives were death-illumined. Let them rest.

Emperor. Who last saw Leopold?

Rhoderick. My lord, I saw him,
Struggling with lion-rage against the flight.
O'erstemmed at length, he hardly strove to band
The scattering remnants.

Sigismund. But without their heed.
Each soldier struck at safety's nearest path
And thoughtless of the mass disarmed for home.

Rhoderick. Beside him fought old Arnold, who at length
Escaped mine eye. 'Tis to be thought he fell.

Emperor. But Leopold, — he merits richer fate
 (Albeit, our poorness that would envy him,)
 Than such a field's catastrophe. He lives;
 It must be he that speeds this way along.

Enter LEOPOLD.

Thou smilest.

Leopold. Safe to see once more my lord.

Emperor. You lingered long, and thereby woke our fears.

Leopold. I could not leave the combat till its life
 Was all extinct. The chamber now is still
 Where death was harshly battled but this hour.
 How fares your highness?

Emperor. Ask me nothing now.
 So fares the peasant stung past mortal help,
 And enter'd in death's scrip.

Sigismund. The fang ungrown,
 Is often inefficient to its aim.
 Absent yourself from perilous air awhile;
 When men are sickened with their gainless change,
 They'll hymn your restorance.

Emperor. And in the mean
 To purchase vague existence basely-dear.
 Better determ all fortune drawing here
 The prison-bolts of nature.

Sigismund. With your fate,
 Through woe, through weal, through day, through night to death
 God witness me, my destiny I tie.

Leopold. And I.

Rhoderick. And I.

Leopold. If choice incline you then
 To stand the brunt and shock, we all consent.
 But if you bend your steps in obscure path,
 Our hearts more lightly follow, sanguine still,
 The issue will be happy.

Emperor. Be it so ;
 For your entreated sakes, and kindly loves,
 We still will fan the fire that moves this clod
 Till doom descends inevitable.

Rhoderick. My lord,
 I know a defile, close among the rocks,

Not distant hence, so buried from access
That none, save those who hold the keys of proof,
Can easily attain.

Emperor. Lead, Rhoderick.

Enter OFFICER, with Soldiers.

Officer. You are my prisoner.

Emperor. How know you that ?

Officer. 'Twere folly to oppose.

Leopold. That shall be tested.

Emperor. Hold, Leopold ! blood has been shed enough
Upon my party. We will go with you.

Sigismund. My lord —

Emperor. We must part, Sigismund, awhile.

Sigismund. Not so —

Emperor. Your means are stronger for my help
Absent, than in same durance. Leopold,
The same with you.

Leopold. Forgive me, I'll not leave you.

[*Exeunt* EMPEROR, LEOPOLD, *with* OFFICER, &c.
one way — *the other*, SIGISMUND and RHODERICK.

SCENE VI. — *Castle of Sigismund.*

Enter BARONESS and ADELA.

Adela. Dear mother, how one spirit in extremes
Emboldens all the rest. Behold, behold
How all catch valor from your couraged trust,
And pant for the assault.

Baroness. We'll waive their promise
Till action tests the fabric of their mind,
Which shall have been to-morrow. I fore-guessed
The enemy's attempt this instant day,
And marvel at their introducing waste.

Adela. Should they by subtle, or superior means,
Subdue us to their pow'r, how cruel-harsh
Would be our lot.

Baroness. They dare not otherwise
Than give occasion to our sure retreat.

We would repair to Mentz; my family
Will greet us till the baron has the news. —

Enter GUELF, with letters.

Upon the battle's eve. Read, Adela.
Were these the freshest news at your depart?

Guelf. Far from it. When I left my lord the fight
Was past.

Baroness. How fortun'd?

Guelf. Ill indeed. Our force,
Weakened by strong desertion, was annulled
And scatter'd to the winds. The emperor,
With Leopold, my lord, and few beside,
Fled from the field. Then hastened I with these.

Baroness. What cruel visitations, God of Heaven!
Know you not where your lord —

Guelf. I have a guess.

Baroness. Enough. *[Exit GUELF.]*

Enter GODFREY with Soldiers.

Godfrey. Fair ladies, my abruptness steals good health
A moment from your count'nance — nothing fear.
You are my pris'ners; in the outer court
Your conjunct force stand guarded.

Baroness. Coward man,
Whose only dare is stealth. — Time treads this age
With the still shoe and gauze of treachery, —
What subtle help unbarred our safety gate
Giving unrighteous entrance?

Godfrey. I am none
To tender bootless insult in my right,
Or mock the pitiable. In plain, brief speech
I will convey the options of your sort.
Your husband in the empire's threat maintains
Rebellious heart and front; revolve, therefore,
His real appertainments to the crown,
Whose policy knows not to nurture foes
With foolish suppliance. These its forfeitments,
Acquits my brother Adelbert's deserts
On whom they are bestowed. How stands it now?
You noble dames may dangerously depart

And wander unprotected, through stormy worlds
To seek your parent fugitive, in doubt
And lightless course, a most disgraceful lot
For pride to own.

Adela. O Heaven! No more resource?

Godfrey. As this is harsh, th' alternative is bland.
I'll marry Adela who is deserved
With heart-paid tribute, and her present chance
Is honored and preserved thereby. Frown not:
No wrong but gracious pity is implied.
To be the sport of fortune's playful winds,
Or live a noble lady, — is there choice?

Adela. Better to wive the peasant and his toils,
And torture from the dumb frost-bitten earth
A scant response. What, thee! to wed with thee!
Who signifyst abhorrence in my mind
And characterst high wickedness! O Heaven!
Give me to suffer all your darted wrath,
To undergo unceasing tribulance,
Before we come to this.

Baroness. Hence, dastard man.
We are not disennobled to thy grade.
Retire.

Godfrey. Who bids?

Baroness. Presumption's comrade, shame!

Godfrey. Peace woman and withdraw, — withdraw, confess
My power, ere forced. — Stay thou: *[Exit BARONESS.*

My worthy time
And leisure poor beguilement may not brook.
Embody then th' objections of my suit
In concentrated syllable.

Adela Thus then:
My heart which forms the essence of consent
Is given, — where also this myself is trothed.
No more; though much might follow this reproof.
Godfrey. To Leopold; a boy as lean in claim,
As rank in disrespect, who scorns thy gifts
And basely rates his interest in your heart;
Who lavishing his guileful falsehood here
Bestow'd affection there. Where? In a stage
More fitted to his base conjectural birth.

Did he acknowledge where he nestled him ?

Adela. Under a peasant's humble roof he dwelt,
His mind being much unartificed.

Godfrey.

Indeed

This Arnold had one daughter. The young birds
Affected ; she pursued him through the wars.

Adela. Ha ! something like to this my father wrote :
" Adieu, be hopeful : the royal man takes grace and love from his
misfortunes. — Here, this last hour, a soldier girl was discovered
by an untimely death ; the child of Leopold's ancient host.
Farewell."

What ! do you list, unmanner'd man ?

Godfrey.

Even true

'Twas current story through the baser camp
Whose breath unsmoothed the subject. He is a youth
Upon the altar of whose nature burns
The fire of enterprise, which may uplift
But unlike genius — neither honesty —
Can keep acquirement ; it must have a fall
To its right level. Though you have been guiled
I see a judgment in your eye which knows
To recognise an error. This you will,
And not condemn my offer.

Adela.

Ay.

Godfrey.

No.

Adela.

Yes.

To prove him truant doth thyself no grace.
Vice mends not vice. But let my thoughts take breath ;
Give me a private leisure.

Godfrey.

Be it brief.

[*Exit.*

Adela. In him is writ my destiny : it must be read.
If former lecture strayed construing false
The characters — at once. My nature whirls
In larger circle than the common globe.
I will indulge no scruple. — She must seek
Safe shelter with her kin.

Enter RODOLPH.

Rodolph.

My lady —

Adela.

Hark ;

Thou art time-proved a venerable man,

Dear-loving and devoted to our house.
 The utmost of your love is now attasked.
 These walls are ours no more, and must be lorn;
 The baroness has escort to her friends:
 I am inhibit.

Rodolph. No. A captive! ne'er —

Adela. Prepare thou my escape and conveyance
 To where my father bides. By dusk this day
 Wilt thou?

Rodolph. I will, or die in th' act thereof.

Adela. Be wary, and your motions operant
 Keep in disguise. Assist my meaning, Heaven,
 And let advantage with occasion smile
 Upon a maiden's warfare.

Enter GODFREY.

On my thoughts
 Wisdom has rained kind censure. Doubt hath fled
 And fixed consent stands bold. But only this
 My mother must have escort nobly fit
 To Mentz, her family's home.

Godfrey. Where'er she list.
 O, Adela, your grace herein, robs all
 That excellence assumes. Yet is your choice
 Not squandered on demission. E'en such time
 As since th' attainment of your season's blow
 Within hath lived this brilliant of my heart
 Till now exposed. On my extremest foe
 The buoyance of my baptized joy this hour
 Would rain a quittance blessing.

Adela. Doubtlessly;
 Acquaintance —

Godfrey. Perish then thy challenge. Know
 These lineaments unconscious were perused
 Before this day.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Tent in the Camp of Henry the Fifth.*

EMPEROR and LEOPOLD.

Emperor. Your capture you did challenge; 'twas unwise.
As Sigismund,—we being fast imprised
All aidance futile,—you should have remained,
Nor rushed upon this peril.

Leopold. I know not.
'Twas rash perhaps;—I know not now regret.
Here would I be, nor elsewhere. I do think
Our stars do travel neighborly.

Emperor. Well, well;
I even think so.—Ha! he has me now,—
Soon may I look for quittance. What a feast!
Grow dizzy with his joy;—th' old father off.
Were I himself I'd torture this old frame
And hold it at death's sill, each day, each day
To damn it for its crimes: 'twas worthy hell
To sway a sceptre more than he; was't not?

Leopold. Ay, ay; enormous,—for you kept your throne,
While he stood idly waiting. E'en to breathe
The self-same ether live the life with him —

Emperor. The young matured, the parent cropped of course,
And monstrous elseway.—Calmness is most strength.

Leopold. My lord, suppose you he will dare confer —

Emperor. Why not?—How will he? taunt, or beg, or plead?
And how receive him? With indignant fire?
He's armed against that battery. Level knee,
And crave poor pity? That were wise indeed.
I'll speak of thee, and bid thy liberation.

Leopold. Already irksome?

Emperor. Ay, we'll order it.
At least, that pitch sway should be recognised.

Enter a GUARD.

Guard. His highness. [*Exit* LEOPOLD.

Emperor. Whose?

Guard. The Emperor, my lord. [*Exit.*

Enter HENRY THE FIFTH.

Emperor. Came you for mute communion? Or if not,
Why let the matter break this stilly pause.

Henry. O sire, my soul is shocked——

Emperor. You with yourself
Do not converse in more approach than I.
This miserable veil, hypocrisy,
Lay then aside; or if thy practice lose,
With interruption seem to wear it still;
Albeit not my blind.

Henry. Once-loving father,
Perhaps I come not temper'd as your sense
—Wrongly interpreting my actions moves,—
Doth ill adjudge. Be sure my breast is sad;
Your fallen estate moves sorrow to behold,
But pity shall not steep that science treating
Of crimes' deservings. I must not forget
That sovereigns are retributors; all things,
E'en grace, owe martyrdom to justice.

Emperor. And therefore subdue that sweet nature thine —
But trifling hence, it wounds my very wounds,
To see thee foster, flatter that damn'd guilt,
Which stealing in to work its ruinous miss,
Seems now a luxury. O son, my son,
To parry that perdition thou hast wrought,
I'd sacrifice this tenuous time of mine,
In the most feared, most miseried decease.
Would Heaven prolong the sap within this trunk,
Till each particular of every woe
That time e'er grinned upon, had been amassed,
And on me piled, rather than thou hadst cursed
Me mortal, and th' eternal part of thee.
And wherefore? All most nature blasted things

Deridingly ask wherefore. Not a dream,
A drunken hint, a gesture, can reply ;
The gift was pendent all but ready dropped.

Henry. And why the mediate time ? you constant poured
Expectance in my mind, but held aloof
The import of emergence.

Emperor. For one hour
Of those paired bosoms, sister amities
That flourished 'twixt us, if between there were ——
I cannot think 'twas simulant cozenage
For all what now you seem. The cank'rous worm
Had no acquaintance with your temper then —
These agitated strides evince your soul
Not total barred to natural sympathy.

Henry. It was high warranted. The pope himself
Attested my projections.

Emperor. 'Ware that plea.
I prophesy dissensions imminent
To step behind this union. By this light,
I do not think you are in friendship bound.

Henry. But true.

Emperor. And yet this pretext muffles sin.

Henry. I am a recreant, and have sold all claim
To happy either world. O, God ! What now ?
What help ? What rescue ? How defend my doom ?

Emperor. Potential is the pardon of the wronged.

Henry. Chastised be my pride. I do beseech
Your favoring absolvence of my guilt.
I am forgiven.

Emperor. 'Tis false ; you are accursed.
How vilely manlike 'tis to do such crimes
As all untaunted bosoms fix with awe,
And make relation whispered as in dread,
Yet hope for independence with a word ;
As power of God lay vested in a breath
Prayer-wrung and pittance-given. — Get thee gone.
Take hence the torment of thy loathed sight ;
Troop ever with those slaves that know to plant
Hopes, and to blast : coax trust and giv't away
When imminence looks black ; who can achieve
The portals of your stored felicity

And sell the foe. My breast is kindling — Hence!
 These rising passions would make dreadful sound
 In utterance. But rather burst my heart
 Than —

Henry. O, my father, spare me further pang.

Emperor. Now, vilest offspring! guilt in cowardice
 Is worthy of a separated hell
 To suffer singly; — misery's extreme!

Henry. Farewell. We take your watch along, thereby
 Removing hindrance of departure. Go:
 Strike nevermore our right, else safety cry
 Against your more permission. Nevermore. [Exit.]

Emperor. For alway gone. Dissunder'd, we our ends
 Must reach in paths divided. Forth from hence
 My life is speculation, and those ills
 That fret and plague the lowest in the scales
 Must torture down this scenic dream to rest.

Enter LEOPOLD.

Leopold. A messenger from Sigismund, my lord,
 But now I saw, reporting that the baron
 Is lingering in the valley, where he waits
 Some knowledge of your prospect or your fate,
 Ere motion is determined.

Emperor. Seek we him.
 Come, Leopold: place hath no choice for us
 Save where a friend survives.

Leopold. This I divined,
 Perceiving the remotion of the guards.

SCENE II.—*Palace at Mentz.* HENRY THE FIFTH, AUSTRIA,
 ADELBERT, BAVARIA, BOHEMIA, ARCHBISHOP OF MENTZ, *others.*

Bohemia. My lord, the object being deprived of harm,
 Nobility deposes warfare.

Mentz. True;
 Beside, your spear being vowed God's instrument,
 And clesiastic mean to frame this sway
 Acceptant with the pope's, should be suspense,
 Nor clear its limits. Summon home all things

Whose wand'rings menace his poor state of health.

Bavaria. His hopes affamished and his havings lost,
His utter-stricken age must swiftly bow
The mortal stuff to earth.

Adelbert. You know him not;
And are but shallow-versed in nature's lore.
Which of you (how so meriting) could brook
The spoliage of your titles, and afford
A smooth unstruggling cease? All would efforce
From death the debtor a harmful spite.

Austria. The rash untiring Henry will dark-work
Some danger to the empire while he breathes.
He will not see these domains peaceful swayed
Which were the carcass that his wrath exposed,
Regardless to all perils, nor uplift
An angry hand his footing to regain.

Henry. High Heaven forbid me leap the proper list
Pitched by the holy church. Our subjects know
A heavy heart our service companied,
And not malevolent-eager. — *Adelbert,*
I am no sovereign thus; till he is tomb'd,
My perfect ease and speculation's scope
Are pale and wan, — sole medicine his death.
Select an ample power from out our ranks.
Thy warrant take in silence.

Adelbert. All content.
It shall be executed on the wing
In flight immediate.

Henry. Chance, 'twill ask some pains
To learn his haunts. Your vigilance we trust.

Adelbert. The royal prey is easiest tracked, my lord.
This will befriend my private scope, and hate
Shall heap his mound of some that follow him. *{ Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*In a Valley.*

Enter SIGISMUND and RHODERICK.

Rhoderick. Your espial by this should have returned.

Sigismund. Ay, surely; should his absence last much more,
I'll seek in person tidings of my liege.

Rhoderick. And I with you.

Clutching t' outroot that breath, which so engraved
 His recreant soul with promise? Such an act —
 To ravage earth with greedy, blood-souled dogs
 For his destruction — makes damnation blush
 Its inefficiency. Wither, fret and die,
 Is all with all; — degree distinguishes.
 This valley seems a hold of utmost strength
 Walled in by massive rock.

Sigismund.

Ay, Rhoderick

Hath visited each portion.

Emperor.

Well, what sort?

What manner? Was th' inspection fee'd?

Rhoderick.

My lord,

Your little world is much above contempt.
 Though rugged, yet it has some flowery spots
 And full variety. So may be hoped
 An honest, fair, untroubled domain here.

Emperor. The hush before the hurry of the storm
 May be improved. So shall we take from time
 A tranquil patience.

Sigismund.

Leopold, by this

We should have tidings from my dear loved folk.

Leopold. The smoothness of their safety is unruffled;
 Elsewise th' ill news were thine.

Sigismund.

'Tis true, they have,

By far, the swiftest carriage.

Enter SAXON (as Hermit) from a cave.

Emperor.

What art thou?

Speak quickly, ere you startle in us thoughts
 Sudden of harm.

Rhoderick.

A strangely, ghost-like being.

Leopold. Unfold your character.

Saxon.

Peace be with all.

Emperor. Why gaze you thus around?

Saxon.

To see those things

My customs have dismemorized. I not thought
 To come by pleasure in the sight of man.
 But nature, nature.

Emperor.

Dost thou domicile

In this wild buried spot?

Saxon. For fifteen years.

Who are they that encroach on this still vast ?

Welcome whate'er; we are too old for fear.

Emperor. Divine, good man: what is thy guess of us ?

Saxon. You have a captain's look; a deference

Sits round like duty on th' assembly's face.

You're in the empire's ban, and here have fled

For secrecy's best keeping.

Emperor. Not far wide.

Seclusion's feeble thread suspends our lives,

Discovery shearing which dependency,

Our hold on life is gone; who stands with us

Must share our fate. Wilt hazard this, old man,

And give us aidance ?

Saxon. What was your offence ?

Emperor. A credulous honesty:

Saxon. No more than this ?

Leopold. I swear, no more.

Saxon. Come then with me along.

Nature hath chambered here a kind of cave,

Spacious accommodant. With you and yours,

Among whom name myself, I will partake.

Emperor. We thank thee, thinking infinitely more.

Go all with him. I'll follow in due time.

[*Exeunt, save* EMPEROR.]

An emperor, no doubt; for fifteen years

Respected and unchid by goodness' ebb.

He wakes to fearlessness and careful sleeps;

No underlings ambitious, mutinous;

No treacherous friends, rebellious sons, no popes;

No dispensations to breed jealousy;

No irritating levies of his rights:

No world to slander, — to breathe deadly blast

'Gainst what its ignorant judgments and mean sense

Its petty one-thought soul, — know not to prize.

Here is a peer and sov'reign o'er the world

To pity or to laugh as temper moves.

But who approaches now? Some valley-nymph,

The daughter of the place.

Enter ADELA, RODOLPH, who retires.

Adela.

I cannot err;

This must be majesty.

Emperor.

Your hand. Methinks

There's something, Sigismund, in that thine eye.

Adela. Before all other question, let me know
If hereabout my father may be found,
The baron Sigismund?

Emperor.

I'll bring thee to him.

Enter this grot with me, and strike his eye

All unexpectant with thy self-delight.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*Godfrey's castle.*

GODFREY.

The dark, dull fit once more. Where is that drug
To smooth my perturbed soul? To renovate
The slumbering part of life? O, God! what art,
Or what retraction will procure the loss
Of horror's visitation to my mind?
Can restitution of his usurped lands
Restore my death-piled childhood-honesty?
Will not his sire, old Egbert, glaze mine eyes
With death's similitude? I pushed him not
Till nature built the precipice: his life
Was in its faint and flicker when I blew.
Let him rest quiet then; I owe him naught, —
No deviation or digression now;
On, on while life contain a hope. My heart
Hies now a chase, encouraged with my sum
Of fate-exciting hope. Her let me clutch
And conquer to my wedlock, then all cares
Lose tyranny upon me, and what things
Do worry at content are partly drowned.
I must play time, nor ever cast behind
A mental eye. Who's there? — How now? What word?

Enter an ATTENDANT.

Attendant. Count Adelbert, with numerous company,
Is at the gates.

Godfrey. Thou lying messenger,
He follows thee at hand. Go get thee hence. [*Exit SERVANT.*]

Enter ADELBERT.

Adelbert. An accidental visit. Journeying,
Chance brought me here by.

Godfrey. What affair
Do you pursue this way ?
Adelbert I have a task

Whose subject is the old emperor's remove,
Clustered with Sigismund and Leopold,
And other vulgar, he is spending time
Among the neighboring mountains.

Godfrey. Of what strength
Are your dependant instruments ?

Adelbert. The force
Of sum superfluous. Do not think my power
Is all in deputation. I do mean
To pay my hire in some resembling act.

Godfrey. Thou wilt not let occasion lapse, I know,
To serve the orders of your bosom's wrath.
That boy, remember him.

Adelbert. Ay : have you wived
That child of Sigismund ? beyond a doubt, —
There was no portal for alternative.

Godfrey. Must you proceed ? Can you not dwell awhile ?
Or, I presume, your office scourges time.

Adelbert. What, you evade ? Found your intent a balk ?

Godfrey. Curse all the race of woman ; she escaped.

Adelbert. And whither fled ?

Godfrey. To Sigismund, I learn.

Adelbert. Has this submined your purpose ?

Godfrey. Strengthened it.

Now it concerns my pride. If you accord,
My stewards shall go with you, trusty men.
Your process being co-operant, past help,
She must be mine.

Adelbert. I willingly consent,
And with my best of efforts will approach
Your cherished longing. Get these persons schooled,
And bring them sudden to the gate. My troops
Do tarry me. [*Exit ADELBERT.*]

Godfrey. A favorable chance.
 I will determine Wolff and Gaspard so
 That nothing shall impede. And I myself
 Will follow leisurely. For of such price
 My heart esteems success, that rest is not
 So long as lasts the treatise.

[*Exit.*

SCENE V.—*Valley.*

LEOPOLD and ADELA.

Leopold. Pernicious villain! Is he discontent
 With th' usurpation of my heritage?
 Envy he me the revenues of my heart?
 Foul was the first, and heavily deserved
 Th' exaction meditate in me, but left
 Till time grew seasonable. Still my mind
 Could lightly hold that in compare with this
 Refinement of fell malice. Let him walk:
 Men do not last for ever.

Adela. Banish him
 From nobler-busied thoughts. — O, Leopold,
 I wronged you when my discontentment blamed
 Your long-spun hour of absence. Let me lose
 Whate'er may cost your fealty toward
 This sovereign, base-deserted. To behold
 The nobleness of sufferance in him
 Would make exult adherence.

Leopold. Adela,
 The critical hour of his life's tide is wearing.
 In his decease th' usurper will find that
 Which his solidity of peace now wants.
 This dispossess'd condition must not last;
 The flood of change, or bear him up again,
 Or loses him within th' eternal main.

Adela. The best be hoped.

Leopold. And neither feared the worst.

Adela. Then fortune's spite is futile. Father mine.

Enter SIGISMUND.

Sigismund. O, God! 'twas yet relief for other griefs
 Safe sheltered to suppose my flock at home.

Sorrow is multitudinous. All now
Are scattered wildly, and my noble spouse,
High minded lady, undeserving grief,
Is where? I can but guess.

Adela. O rest assured,
Dear father, she is safe with friends at Mentz.

Leopold. I trust that your despatch will have returned
With tidings by this night.

Sigismund. No doubt, no doubt.
The emperor inclines to leave this vale;
If he is resolute thereunto, I mean
You twain shall take the matrimonial oath
With first occasion.

Leopold. Where about is now
His highness?

Sigismund. In the hermit's cave he stays
Conversing with this new companion chos'n.

Adela. Truly a man of charity and love.

Leopold. He wins all hearts immediate. See, they come.

Enter EMPEROR and SAXON.

Saxon. Discriminate: that your observance teems
With instances where shows of goodness lied,
Where seeming piety glossed rancorous hate,
Where things presumptively depute of God
Have been most virulent in enmities,
Because of these, must all else be deceit.
Do not condemn the Roman sceptre, for
Its sometime misdirection. Though 'tis seen
Hypocrisy steals nearest under Heaven,
The greater and more direful is its fall.

Emperor. Well, good old man, I do believe not all
Professing sanctity are false in heart.
O, Leopold, you uttered ne'er a hint
Of your contract; a richer tint is added
To your devotion. Who can say we're poor?
Give us oblivion, and included here
We may all find content. A company
Co-levelled and degree'd by fortune's blows,
Communitual in affection, good in heart,
Consenting each unto the other's weal,

In pleasantest repose we may reside,
And make this spot felicity's true court,
The envy of all else.

Saxon. This the true mood.

Leopold. But how can you, my lord, whose varied life
Has wild ambition o'er the field pursued
Through action's very whirlpools, give yourself
A pause and tranquil term ?

Emperor. E'en so, my friend :
While counting up the chance of pleasance here,
My soul is swayed for motion. With the break
And gaily skipping interrupt of morrow,
We purpose to remove our camp.

Adela. Alas !
It is not safe.

Sigismund. What Leopold hath urged
Can be no reason. Age is giv'n as rest
To the most stirring lives which chief demand it.

Saxon. And are there not the peril and offence
Of enmity abroad upon your search ?

Emperor. Be they confronted : I more brook their threats
Than this inaction.

Enter RHODERICK.

Rhoderick. O, my lord, my lord.

Emperor. What hath perturbed you ? Speak ; what dreaded
cause

So moves you ?

Rhoderick. Foes are now upon your track.

Sigismund. Is the retreat discovered.

Emperor. Let him breathe,
And after, leisurely disclose his news.

Rhoderick. Pursuing sport this morn, I was beguiled
Even to the very isthmus of this glen,
Where craggy heights, fantastically spersed,
Abound. To rouse a high-lodged eagle,
Up clamber'd I amain ; obtained my aim,
And on the wing transfix'd the noble bird.
He fell not sudden, but consumed some space,
Heart-shafted though, and fell without the rocks.
My weariness begged rest, and in repose

I sought the needed strength to reach my prey.
But the dead drum awoke; a band of men
Were filing from above, who had divined,
By my pierced game, th' abode of ours below.

Saxon. Follow me all whose voice cries for escape.
There is another outlet.

Emperor. For ourself,
So far from willing to avoid their search
We shall assist. We'll affront their eyes :
Come, whosoever choose.

Leopold. I much mistake
If any here dissent, save Adela.

Sigismund. Thy best protection is with this good hermit.

Adela. Not I; forgive me, but beside yourself
I only can be safe.

Saxon. Then let us all
Together meet the invaders of our realm.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. — *A wooded part of the Valley.**Enter party of the last Scene.*

Emperor. The clouds usurp aloft, the winds escape,
 And sullen night hangs darkness in the air.
 Now birds of sweet-tuned throat are nestled hush,
 And things of prey arouse. 'Twill be a night
 Of wrathful temper in the elements.

Sigismund. Fearful it were, if real things, my lord,
 Spoke not of danger.

Emperor. So; and thus we learn
 How foolish-visionary is the fear
 That takes such pains to start at needless objects.

Adela. I hear their tramp.

Leopold. They are upon us. Hark!
 The sounds of number.

Enter ADELBERT and Soldiers.

Adelbert. Halt! They are around.
 — Who there?

Emperor. Henry the Fourth of Germany.

Adelbert. Ha, Ha! The Gods be thanked! — Bring torches!

Now

Thou adjudged traitor, by the crown condemned
 To forfeit thy detested life, prepare;
 Thy hour hath come—'tis in arbitrement
 Of one who holds thee odious. Lights! and then
 Objected to my weapon —

Sigismund. Adelbert!
 Meseemed that voice familiar.

Leopold. As the fiend
 To mortals hell-condemned.

Emperor. Or to the sire,
A child's forgetfulness. O, Adelbert,
This insolent front is my punishment for
Th' uplifting thee to honor.

Sigismund. I should claim
A tongueless future, did my vengeance let
Words separate us more. O worse than breath
Can tell thee ——

Leopold. Sigismund, this cause is mine
By a most sacred oath.

Emperor. Upon your loves,
I charge ye both to stay this passion. What!
Do ye prefer your fates before mine own?
Stand none before me, — on your honors, none;
But second, each and all. — Now, faithless slave,
And rash and wicked man, what seek you here?
Speak the extreme and bloodiest of your purpose,
Its blockade, bound and trench; that knowing this,
I may resolve resistment or consent
According.

Adelbert. 'Tis the end of your existence.
Your doom hath issued, and all people wait
To know its consummation.

Emperor. Why pretend
The fool? And buy more deaths with shunless mine?
If when this blood be spilt will pause your furies, (*Storm heard.*)
Come on; evasion shall not sway this breast.
Come with your hated steel, nor fear oppose.
Farewell, all friends.

Leopold. Now, by the God of gods,
May I be Heaven-detested if this bane
And nature's poison banquet on such viand
Without prevention!

Emperor. Shall our last command ——

Sigismund. My lord, my lord, you wrong the dearest right
That honored man can boast; his vengeance,
Or upon justice or main strength, have claims
Precedent of all else.

Adelbert. Base villain! Guards
Stand here before me. — What these men may do,
In inconsidered wrath, who can foresee.

Adela. O man of God, canst thou be passive here ?
 Pour Heaven's influence upon this rage,
 Engenderful of mischief.

(*Storm.*)

Saxon. Stay, rash men.
 Agnise the dreadful terrors in the sky,
 The sublime fury shattering o'er your heads,
 And leave contemned strifes. How puny show
 These battles puerile in such a time
 When Heaven stalks roundabout. Put up your steel.
 I charge ye, in the name of all things sacred,
 To reconcile or part.

Adelbert. Regard thy health.
 This old deposed villain, whose long life
 Compose a series of amazing guilts,
 Still glorying in his maledicted state,
 Affronts the empire's safety, and must die.
 Whoso dare lift an arm to ward his doom
 Would better erst have died. Fast hold him, fellows,
 While I ransack that traitor bosom his,
 For the life's part.

Saxon. The skies forefend !

Leopold. Beware,
 Base dogs, taint not his person with rude grasp.
 Ha ! thus then. (*He cuts down one of the soldiers.*)
 [*Meanwhile enter GODFREY behind with WOLFF and GASPARD,*
whom he motions toward ADELA. They seize her.]

Adela. What cursed sport is this ?

[*Exeunt GODFREY and his stewards, bearing off ADELA.*]

Adelbert. Vile upstart fool,
 Hast thou assassined him ? Destruction hence ! —
 Soldiers assault them all -- cut down the whole.
 Why do ye pause ? Must I direct ye then !

[*Lightning ; a tree is struck, and ADELBERT falls killed.*]

Saxon. Death supernatural ! Fall all, fall down :
 Acknowledge God in awe. Around and through
 His thought abides. Let all confess this Heaven.

All. We all confess thee, Heaven.

Emperor. Strangely dismayed,
 My soul starts inward.

Saxon. Let thy equal wrath
 Terribly fall upon us, when our mind

Conceive like bloody purpose.

All. Be it so.

Sigismund. O, night of horror!

Saxon. When from any breast

The lesson of this hour is fallen, inflict

The same denouncement.

All. Even such great powers.

Leopold. Vast nature's dissolution could not shake

Its elements more loudly terrible,

Than this terrific storm.

Saxon. Come all with me

Who will provide a shelter. Soldiers, come.

1st Soldier. Canst thou supply protection from this night

And chilling tempest? If so, we will accept;

And on the morn will go our way in peace.

Sigismund. Who hath seen Adela? My child! My child!
Where sped? Speak! Speak!

Leopold. Where fled? Will no one tell?

2d Soldier. When all was hurry and confusion, sir,
I saw her carried hence, with violent force,
By several disguised.

Leopold. Oh, cursed fault!

Great God, why shared not I that bolt?

Sigismund. No fate

Can amply scourge the remnant of my days,

If she is lost. Why heard not I her voice?

Were all my senses shut?

[*Exit.*

Saxon. Silentest gloom

Succeeds the busy noises which did wage

But even now.

Leopold. O, who can counsel now? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. — *The palace.*

HENRY THE FIFTH, BOHEMIA, AUSTRIA, BAVARIA.

Bavaria. My lord, the nuncio waits an audience;
Has he your license?

Bohemia.
Nor little else of late.

Duke, he marks thee not;

Austria. This malady
Of which I yester spake; these reveries,
Gloomy abstraction and long sullen moods,
Denoting a possessing sorrow, grows
Most sovereignly upon him.

Bohemia. He repines
For his past motions 'gainst his sire. — My lord! —

Bavaria. Waste not your voice toward his poisoned ear.

Austria. 'Tis most despicable, hated of all,
This wailing for past deeds. Who would not do
Even as did himself? But so unwise,
Unripe in reason, tame and vulgar-souled,
As fall to moan his process, who would be?
The act diverted half the world from him;
Penitence turns the other.

Henry. Ha! how now?
How long must we attend him?

Bohemia. Who, my lord?

Henry. Who, senseless duke? The legate from the pope.

[*Exit BOHEMIA.*]

How, Austria! several discolored thoughts
Look through your aspect. By the gods! be 't known
We like not frowns.

Enter BOHEMIA with CONSTANCE.

Your business in our court,
Please you, make known.

Constance. Then thus in mildest terms:
My master, Paschal, listening the tale
Of the abject extreme to which your foul
And most unfilial negligence hath driv'n
Your predecessor, hath at once been struck
With a resenting and amazed wrath.
Wherefore I am despatched, in impulse warm,
To censure this unnatural contempt
Of obligations and all human sense;
To deprecate —

Henry. Out, varlet, from my sight!
Hence suddenly and tell his insolence —

O what a damned thing desertion is! —

Would he stood here! his person might receive

A violent respect. Hence, devil-priest! [*Exit* CONSTANCE.

Austria. My lord, methinks —

Henry. My dog, bethink thy health.

Now cursed be mankind! all slaves unworth

Their appetite's supply.

Austria. My lord, I must be heard.

With your permission, to my states I mean

To make repair forthwith.

Henry. Why, what care we?

Bohemia. And I —

Henry. And you too, all, leave us alone. [*Exeunt.*

My heart is desolate. I will to rest;

What rest? Even such the angry ocean gives. [*Exit.*

Enter ANSELM and HUGO.

Hugo. When with this dread disorder, was he first
Afflicted?

Anselm. Lately, very lately.

Hugo. And

How frequent the return?

Anselm. Each altern night,

In the dead stillness, it affects his grace.

Hugo. Is it not something strange?

Anselm. I ne'er before

Heard of an equal case. But have thou care,

Not for a kingdom this to noise abroad.

Hugo. Trust me; — and he will have none other near?

Anselm. Not but myself, who with much time and toil
Recover him to feeling.

Hugo. By yon skies,

He is not enviable. Well, good night. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III — *Chamber of Henry the Fifth.*

Enter HENRY *with a light.*

Is this th' aspired pomp for which my soul

Professed ambition? This the royal of

My nurtured dreams? Power indispute is dull,
 And checked, it is the worst, most damned chain
 Humanity is born to. Well, die thought
 In sleep, my debtor, greatly in default.
 When sleep? Can I escape this waking dream,
 This nightly terror, which enthrals my sense?
 But shall this sense endure the whelming sway
 Of my unsinewed fancy? Must I know
 Such thing is not, and suffer horror still
 Set frightful thoughts upon my fugitive spirit?
 Knit brows and see it not: tis naught, naught, naught.
 Why now I will retire and—— Savage Fates!--
 He visits us again. His white head—mark,—
 His vengeance-bolting frown. O! tis hot iron
 Upon my blasted eye-balls. No, but no:
 I say thou art not there; a cheat, a lie,
 Deception false as hell, and pervious art
 To this my substance. See, I walk thee through.
 Now reason can you fly? All's well, all well.
 This fever is unmanliest, and but springs
 From a wide-wandering! Hence, thou subdued thing!
 O God! 'tis true; delusion is not there.
 Stand! and demand my life. Clutch not thy sword.
 No nearer; O! no, no: murder me not.
 Death levels from thine eye; I will confess,
 Relinquish all, rove mendicant, so that ——
 Compassion; O not yet — but now — 'tis done. [Swoons.
 [Enter ANSELM—Scene changes.

SCENE IV.—*Spire. House of Ermengarde.*

Enter GODFREY and ERMENGARDE.

Godfrey. The lady Adela?

Ermengarde.

Sits drooping still

And mute. Not e'en my daughter can obtain

A tokening word of healthy sense from her.

Godfrey. Poor girl, poor child! I thank you, Ermengarde,

For our kind brotherly reception here,
But must away to-morrow for my lands.

Ermengarde. So soon ?

Godfrey. And therefore do I wed this day.

Ermengarde. Is Adela consenting ?

Godfrey. She is not ;

But what imports it ? In these questions, count,
You know full well such youth should have no voice.

Ermengarde. O none ; she is honored much —

Godfrey. Not so, by Heaven !

Ermengarde. My meaning is, though fair the maiden be,
And all in person worthy, yet the child
Of one in treason's practice should esteem
The nuptials with Count Godfrey.

Godfrey. Have you ta'en

Precaution for the ceremony ?

Ermengarde. Ay ;

All the most noble families of Spire
Will witness and assist.

Godfrey. Good friend, desire

The maiden to approach.

Ermengarde. This will I, sir.

Pray school her in some manner as respects
Her duties on th' occasion.

[*Exit* ERMENGARDE.]

Godfrey. Fear me not.

Duties ! obedience ! would her heavenly soul

But feel a kind resentment with mine,

I'd own the obligation, and with me

Would rest the duty. See, she moves this way,

But with determinate clung lips. How long

Enter ADELA.

Must this dejected character usurp

The throne of your fair visage ? Is't from me

This sorrow comes ? With me you are incensed ?

Have I done aught solicitous of hate ?

Will you not see that 'twas the violence,

The craze and emphasis of passion, which

Enforced your midnight capture ? He on whom

You spend inutile thoughts could never feel

Access like this, or dare so much for love.

You know it, and in heart confess my right
 Unto your worshipp'd heart. Be wise; assume
 A much more proper aspect, and prepare
 For altar oaths. For this I leave you. Mark!
 A few short hours are yours. As you depart,
 Showing reluctance or a blithe consent,
 Shall influence much your hours of after life.
 Farewell a while.

[*Exit* GODFREY.]

Adela.

It cannot — shall not be.

My trust is fervent that he will arrive;
 The messenger I bribed cannot but find
 My father, who will raise all pow'rs of earth
 To save his heart's true child. But should he not —
 My thoughts are firm disposed to cut me out
 A passage from this danger. Heaven and earth!
 But sorrow is the watchword of these times.
 An hour, an hour; and in some sort 'tis o'er.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE V. — *Same. Before the temple to the Virgin.*

Enter SIGISMUND, disguised.

The hinted place — and near about the hour
 Whereto points my intelligence. From me
 The truths of sorrow have been erst withheld;
 Accumulating idly till my state
 Was least in preparation. 'Tis the past
 Must borrow knowledge from the current time;
 To-day cries out on yestern's ignorance,
 And so until that sun when all know all.
 Was't yesterday I sorrow'd, talked on grief,
 Thought smiling to be martyrdom? Fool's error!
 Happiest among mankind. Let me thus learn
 To 'scape this present weight by thinking what
 More direful might befall. But no, O God!
 Fancy is impotent, nor can create
 One harder lot. And now perhaps this ruffian
 Revels in dreams, whence he shall wake to death.
 Say that 'tis done —
 Before the very altar, where 'tis thought

To sacrifice my child; striking the eye
 Of th' undisposed audience. How then?
 Will they not rush in horror to avenge
 The deemed offence? What can an abject man,
 Sided with ruin, 'gainst establishment?
 Esteemed a traitor, how subdue the cry
 And general shudder for a noble's death?
 And why not now? I owe the world no more;
 The folly of my part is done; naught claims
 Against departure. Lo! — behold, behold!
 The pageant nears. Vain pomp! — To mix with them.

[Retires.

Enter GODFREY, ADELA, ERMENGARDE, Lords, Ladies, &c.

Adela. O Heaven remember me! Now shall I prove
 How tempered was my nature; moulded how.
 My father comes not. Guard him, ye above, —
 My mother bless, and Leopold — but oh!
 Not that way; there I die a previous death.

Godfrey. This is the temple, maiden, where our vows
 Are served at Heaven's table. *Adela!*
 Beware, in presence of this noble crowd,
 To utter shame against me, or to cast
 Its faint reflection. O, beware! dar'st thou,
 By darkest shades of hell, I'll take thy life.
 O do it not, and all my heart is bound
 Toward thy pleasance ever. Kindest friends,
 Make happy entry with us to this place.

[The portals open; procession enters, SIGISMUND
 mingling with the train; doors close.

Enter EMPEROR resting on LEOPOLD.

Leopold. O, my dear lord, your looks speak languor; wan
 Your face is quite with the o'er great attempt
 Of journey. On these steps awhile still rest,
 While I some sustenance seek.

Emperor. Thanks, thanks; O, me!
 'Tis the sense here, that with this corp'ral toil
 Is fellow 'gainst existence.

Leopold. Good, my lord,
 How fare you?

Emperor. Wearily ; which bodes true weal.
O nigh spent, Leopold.

Leopold. Not so ; sit here
While I an instant leave you to obtain,
By prayer or threat, for your condition help.

Emperor. Tarry ; why seek to stretch th' attached chain
Which fates great self hath forged ? — This edifice
Of so fair architecture, even I,
Or what I was, constructed. Perfect fane !
The bishop, I remember, was a liege
Who pleased me well. Go, Leopold, make known
Our fallen fortunes, and attempt his love.
But, O ! not long.

Leopold. I come again with speed. *[Exit.*

[Strain of music within.

Emperor. Hark ! a most solemn choir ; these chords sublime
Uplift the soul ; — sweet music ! fare thee well ;
All still. What sweeter balm to sooth these hours
Preceding cease. The clangor of the trump,
And the discordant battle song alone,
Have been my youth's delight ; to these my mind
Threading this night of life complacent turns.
But 'twas a pure, a blessed hymn that now
Uprose my knell. It is the noblest joy,
Music, the soul may know. Heaven favors him
Whom she bestows with feeling for its breath ;
She loves not emperors. The hermit ! Ah, my friend.

Enter SAXON always as hermit.

Emperor. Why have you thus far wandered from your home ?

Saxon. To follow thee.

Emperor. Even here will end that care.

Saxon. I mean it. Henry, thou hast trod so far
As destiny permits.

Emperor. I know it, feel it.

Saxon. Dost thou remember —

Emperor. Yes. You came before me.
Some thirteen years have past, and justice craved,
Which I denied ye. Flushed with victory,
Fearing the jealousies of my bold troop
Moreover, in an angry mood, that hour

I spurned ye, often to regret the word.
 I knew you in your hermit's guise, but deemed
 Devotion had entombed the memory.
 Now in that eye I see the lasted heat
 Of your vowed vengeance.

Saxon. Which demands your blood.

I have borne many trials in the search
 Of this beneficent hour, and ever nursed
 A certain oath I uttered.

Emperor. Say, dark man,

What residue of life have you in hope?

Saxon. This day's my last. I know your ready speech;
 Why should I curse th' eternity within
 By leaving earth in blood. But die thou must,
 And fated 'tis — by me be shed thy blood.

Emperor. Not so ignobly shall I end my days.
 Heaven's ways are marvellous; to see a nation
 Pursuing down time's hill my last of days,
 Led by a sovereign, — cozened of their prey
 By an unknown, base person were most so.
 Rash man, forbear; thy touch is desecration.

Saxon. Though passionless, yet am I resolute;
 A goodly sword is by thee; draw!

Emperor. O, God!

What matters it! 'tis nature though! Now, Heaven,
 Give vigor to my arm. [*They fight. Exit SAXON.*
 'Tis done; th' acceleration was required.
 Finish this torture, — now my soul 'gins burn.
 Haste, Leopold.

Enter LEOPOLD.

Leopold. My lord —

Emperor. That hermit came —

An enemy — my death-wound; see.

Leopold. He fell upon his sword hard by, and died.
 Great Heavens! 'tis foul in ye.

Emperor. The bishop —

Leopold. Yes,

Denied me. May the worms consume his heart.

Let me support you. Must I, must I stay?

Emperor. Yes, and be happy. 'Tis a tragic day
Without more doom.

Leopold. Naught else could make it more,
Though legions suffer'd.

Emperor. And there's one on earth,
—Say, is there not? who holds attached your hopes.

Leopold. O where is she? Where? 'Tis this mystery
Which consummates my grief. O, God! O, God!
Cut short my days even here, but save her to
This father. Ha! what noise, and whence is this?

Emperor. 'Tis rumor in the temple. — Sigismund!

[*Doors fly open. ADELA at the altar supported. SIGIS-
MUND and GODFREY combating.*]

Leopold. Great God! And Adela! An altar!

Emperor. See,
Count Godfrey falls. O haste me some to read
The meaning of this scene.

Enter SIGISMUND, ADELA, Lords, &c. &c.

All. The emperor!

Leopold. Keep silence; he departs.

Emperor. I see it all.

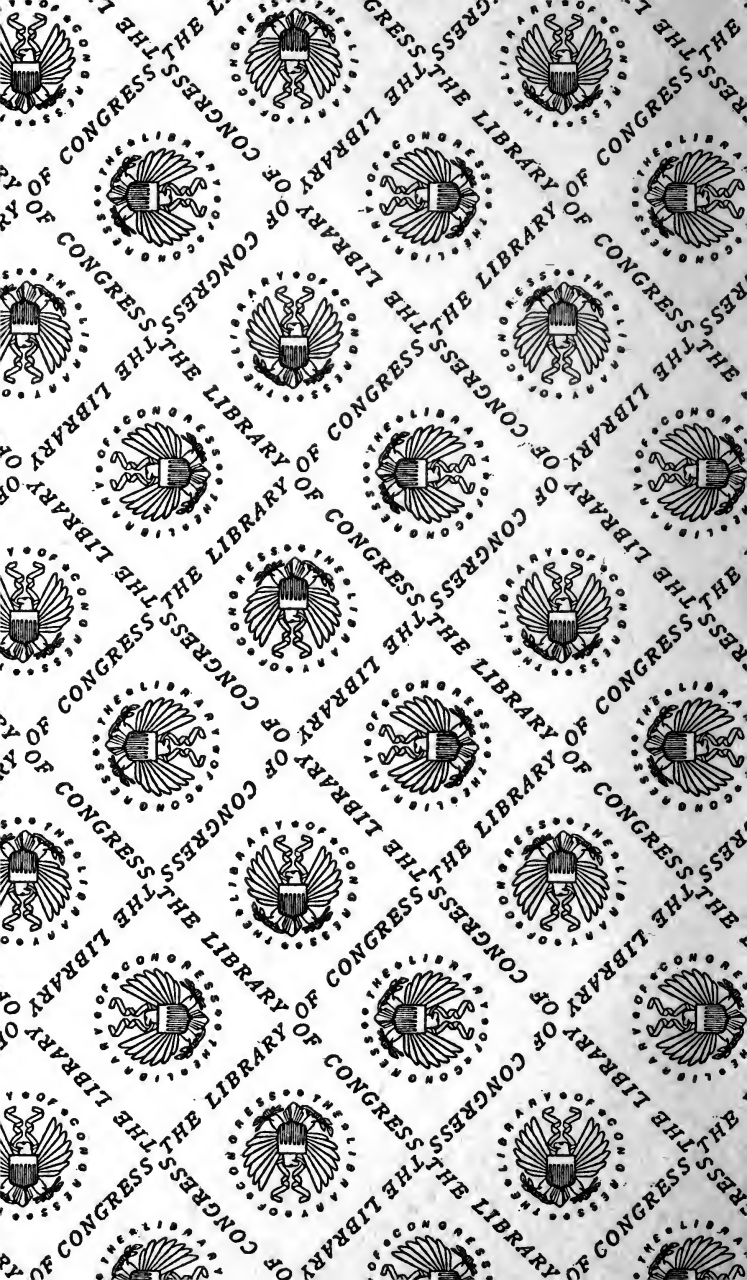
She's saved. Good night!

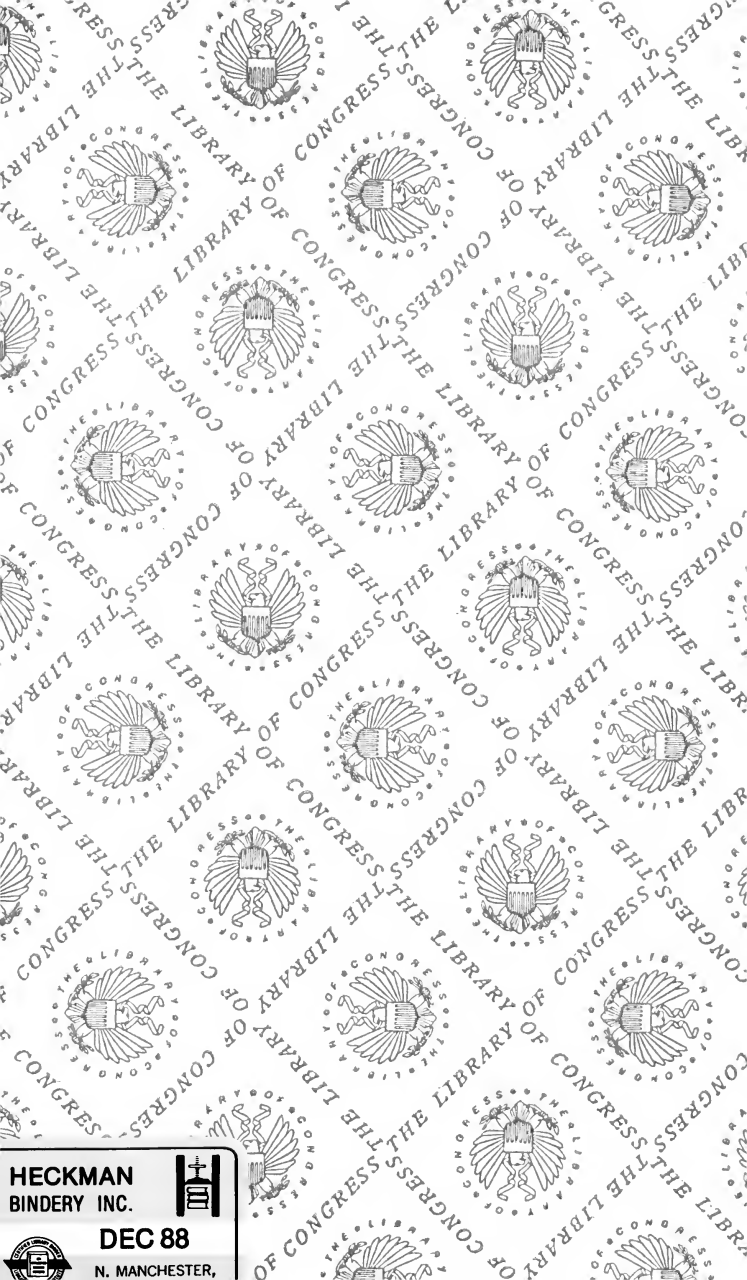
Sigismund. O must we speak it now.

Emperor. E'en now, and 'tis full time. Weep not the day.
Who'er sees Henry, let him utter these;
—But no, tell simply death. Enough, farewell!
'Tis now the awful night, the unknown gloom. [Expires.]

[CURTAIN FALLS.]

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